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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Dirge.

BY C. H. CHISWELL.

Farewell, farewell, sweet sister!
Thy grave is in the deep;
Our ship is onward speeding,
And I alone do weep.
Why did we leave our native dell?
Thou'rt lost to me—farewell! farewell!

Thou liest low, dear sister—
Amid the coral cells;
The mermaids chanting o'er thee
Their soul entwining spells,
The ocean moans thy funeral knell—
I leave thee there—farewell! farewell!

And when I reach thy dwelling
In England's verdant Isle,
How shall I bear the tidings?
To him who waits thy smile?
Ah! when the mournful news I tell
'Twill break his heart—farewell! farewell!

Our Historical Gallery.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

GENERAL GREENE.

SECOND PAPER.—Continued.

THE line of North Carolina militia was placed in front, to the westward, most of them behind an old fence and the rest in the woods. The line extended across the New Garden road and was divided by it into nearly equal parts. Col. Washington with his cavalry, Kirkwood with his old Delaware "Blues," and Col. Lynch, with a battalion of Virginia militia, were posted on the north for the protection of the right flank. Colonel Lee with his legion and Col. Campbell with his riflemen were posted on the left for the support of that flank. The Virginia militia, under Stephens and Lawson, were drawn up in the woods, between three and four hundred yards behind the front line and parallel with it. The flanking parties were directed, when the militia in front retreated, to fall back and support the next line. The continentals were drawn up on the high ground in the old field, west of the court house, and on the north side of the Salem road. It was formed so as to present a double front, and probably, for two reasons. First to face the enemy in whatever direction he might approach, from the west or from the south; and, then, that they might have choice, if necessary, of the only two roads for retreat, by McQuiston's bridge or Boyd's mill, on the Reedy Fork. The two continental regiments of Virginia, under Col. Greene and Lieut. Col. Hewes, were commanded by Gen. Huger and composed the right.

The two Maryland regiments, led by Col. Gunby and Lieut. Col. Ford, were under the command of Col. Morgan, and composed the left. Some other small parties were perhaps placed near the court house; and Col. Singleton was posted, with two pieces of artillery, in the great road, down which the enemy were known to be approaching, and three or four rods in advance of the front line.

The British marched in solid column down a long slope, on each side of which the ground was densely covered with timber to a considerable distance; and, when they were first descried on that long slope, a mile distant, more or less, Singleton opened upon them, in a spirited manner, with his two field pieces, which was returned with equal spirit by the British artillery, under Col. McLeod. As their infantry crossed the Horsepen creek, at the west end of the plantation on the opposite side of which the first lines of militia were posted, they filed off to the right and left, and ascended through the open ground. Their right was commanded by Gen. Leslie, and the left by Col. Webster. The Hessians under Bose, and the 71st, or Scotch Highlanders, led by Col. Fra-

zer, composed their right, commanded by Leslie. The 23d and 33d regiments, under the command of Webster, formed their left. The royal artillery, with the light infantry of the Guards and the Yager's, under McLeod, moved along the road in the centre. The first battalion of Guards, under Col. Norton, supported the right; and the 2d battalion of Guards with the Grenadiers, under Brigadier O'Hara, supported the left. Tarleton was kept in reserve, and moved along under cover of the woods.

turns; for, of some eight hundred, more or less, they had only one man killed, and he belonged to the rank and file. Of course, they could not have encountered the bayonets, nor remained long within the range of musket shot, and deserve no more credit than any other militia on the ground. The brigade of Stephens were all volunteers, and most of them had been in battle before. Stephens himself, and probably some of the other officers, had been in the regular service, and had fought in several bat-

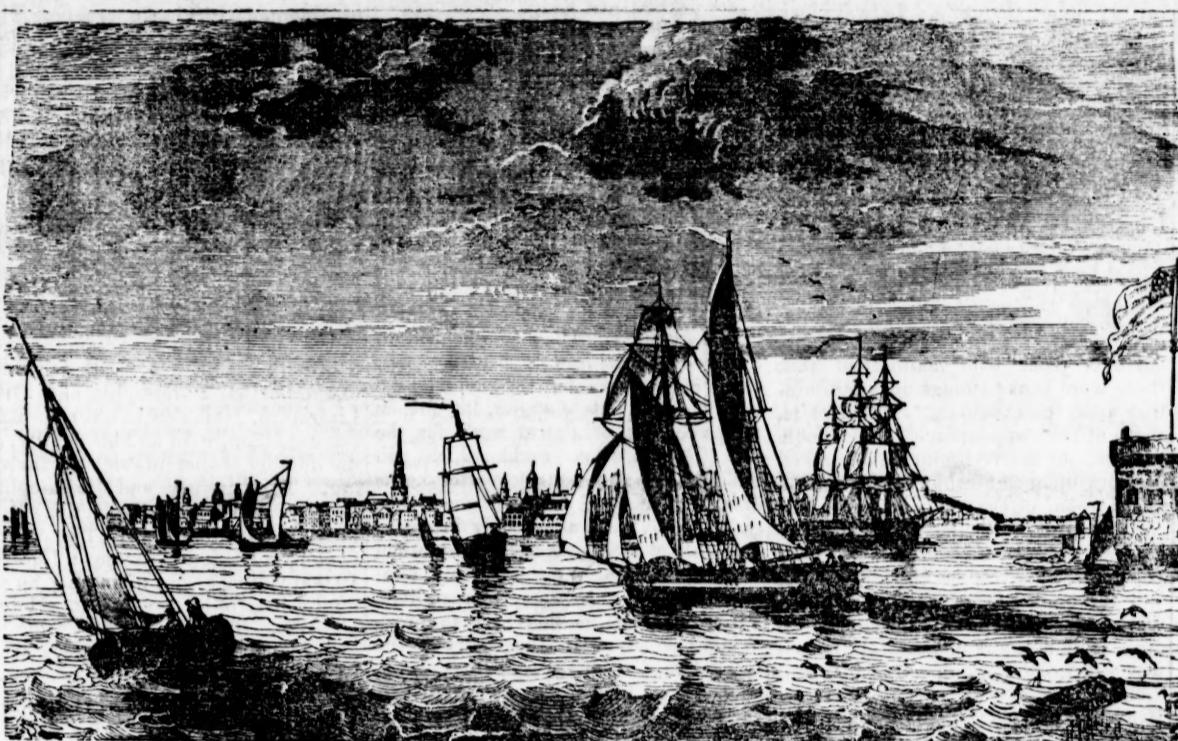
to the south; and it was some time before he could get them reorganized. At the close of the conflict between these two parties, the British artillery, under McLeod, emerged from the woods and took an important position in the edge of the open ground.

The battle still raged on the left between the British right under Leslie and the covering party under Lee and Campbell, with some few of Stephens' brigade and some scattering volunteers from the neighborhood, who, as they

At this moment, Col. Washington dashed through with his cavalry, slaying right and left, and a most heroic and daring effort was made, but unsuccessfully, to seize and bear off the American cannon. A Briton had his head split, like a pumpkin, by one of Washington's sabres, and each half fell off on its own shoulder. In some of these single-handed conflicts, as in that between Colonel Stuart, of the Guards, and Capt. Smith, of the Marylanders, the dead and wounded were piled on each other two or three deep; and no quarter was asked or given. There all along the road and over the old field north of it, as far as the battle raged, the shouts of *Io Triumphi!* the horrid clash of arms, the volleys of musketry, far off to the south, the occasional roar of artillery on both sides, and the dismal groans of the wounded and dying, presented a scene which beggars all description. The war of human passions had been wrought up to the highest pitch, and even the British veterans looked on, from a distance, with amazement. Such a fierce and deadly conflict between two rival corps, had not been known during the war; and well might Cornwallis say afterwards that "he had never seen such fighting since God made him." But the Marylanders and Washington's cavalry had thrown the Guards into utter confusion, and were now driving them back with almost reckless impetuosity. The anxiety of his lordship, who was viewing, from the high ground, this destruction of his favorite corps, was so intense that it had drawn him to the very verge of the hottest conflict, when Col. Washington, on observing him, made a move to take him prisoner; but his cap fell off, and before he could recover it, the illustrious object of his ambition had passed beyond his reach. By that little incident and that alone, his lordship escaped for the present and was reserved to grace a more important triumph.

About this time, Gen. Greene, whose anxiety was no less intense than that of the British commander, had advanced into the very *melee* of battle, without being aware of it; and his situation was so critical that nothing saved him but his characteristic composure and presence of mind. A corps of the enemy was approaching to join in the conflict, but were yet unseen, being concealed by the brush or undergrowth along the fence. The next moment they emerged from the other side and were within a few steps of Gen. Greene, when Maj. Barnet, one of his aids, drew his attention to the danger, and he moved off so leisurely that he was not suspected. This saved him from a volley of musketry which would have left him a mangled corpse on the field, and thus he was reserved to fight other battles of hardly less importance in the cause of freedom.

There is yet no abatement in the fierceness of the conflict; the Marylanders and Washington's cavalry are still beating back the routed Guards; Cornwallis, deaf to the remonstrances of O'Hara and probably others, is ordering McLeod to pour volleys of grape through the combatants. The order, however painful, is obeyed, and showers of grape are prostrating friends and foes alike. Washington's cavalry suffered most and was obliged to retire. The Marylanders are driven back, and near half that splendid battalion of Guards, lay dead or wounded on the field. This was a cruel measure—one of *necessity*, his lordship regarded it—and nothing else could have saved him from capture and ruin. He was now making every effort to form his line again; he had sent Tarleton to extricate the Hessians in the woods; and there being no cavalry there to oppose him, Lee having retired from his position on the left, the task was an easy one. A number were cut down by the sabres of the dragoons and the rest were scattered to the four winds. Leslie had now arrived with the 23d and 71st regiments



VIEW OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—(See 2d page.)

As the enemy were marching up through the open ground to the work of destruction, with gay uniforms, streaming banners and burnished armor, they made a most formidable appearance, and among raw militia, who had never seen a battle, and could have no idea whatever of the feelings they would have, when encountering such a host of veterans, there was, no doubt, much quailing in the line; but many, perhaps, a majority of them had rifles; and any one of them, if perfectly composed and armed with a good rifle, could kill a man at the distance of two hundred yards. At all events, they could give one deliberate fire, perhaps two, before they would be in much danger from the British muskets; and this was according to Greene's order. "Give two good fires, then retire and form behind the next line." They fired when the enemy were within a hundred and fifty yards, the distance at which Morgan had allowed his riflemen to fire at the Cowpens, and that fire is known to have been a very effective one. Many of them fired a second time; but probably not with any great effect; for the smoke was gathering about them, the enemy was advancing faster than they expected, and the nervous agitation was, of course, increasing. When they saw a bristling line of bayonets approaching, most of them broke and fled in disorder. The enemy then encountered the Virginia line, from a part of which they met with a warm reception. They had been so vigorously attacked by the covering parties on the extreme right and left, that they were thrown into some disorder, but so perfect was their discipline that they recovered, before attacking the Virginians. Lawson's brigade, being all drafted militia, did very little; but, on the near approach of the enemy, they wheeled round on their left, as on a pivot, behind Stephens' brigade, and directly fled in as much confusion as any of the North Carolina militia. So I was told, many years ago, by old men, who, when young, had been in the battle, and had seen what they related; and this is amply confirmed by official re-

ports in the morning, had fallen in with Campbell's riflemen; but, as this was now a contest of a small corps of riflemen, sheltered behind trees, with the whole right wing of the British army, Leslie, leaving the 1st battalion of Guards, under Col. Norton and the regiment of Bose, to manage them, drew off the 23d and 71st regiments for more important or more needed service against the continentals.

In the meantime Gen. O'Hara, with the 2d battalion and Grenadiers of the Guards, had hastened to the relief of Webster; but his route, from the west, brought him into collision, first, with the 2d Maryland regiment, under Col. Ford. This corps seems to have been regarded by Cornwallis as the flower of his army; and their splendid appearance, as they bore down upon these Marylanders, who were all new recruits and had never been in a battle before, was so imposing that their courage failed them, and, yielding with scarcely an effort, they fled in utter confusion. This threw Singleton's two pieces of artillery into the hands of the enemy, and they rushed forward with shouts of victory; but this reckless confidence cost them dearly. Gunby was approaching with the 1st regiment who had just cut up Webster's corps so desperately; but, concealed by the copse-wood, which skirted the field, his approach, like that of Washington with his cavalry, was silent and unsuspected.

In a moment and before they had recovered from the confusion into which they had been thrown by the flight of Col. Ford's regiment, they found themselves confronted by that heroic band, the 1st regiment of Marylanders, and a desperate conflict ensued. Both sides fired at the same instant, and had approached so near that the blazes from the muzzles of their guns seemed to meet. The Marylanders, then, without giving their enemies time to re-organize, rushed upon them with their bayonets, and a death struggle followed. It was hand to hand, and every one seemed to feel that his own life depended on his being able to take the life of his antagonist.

Bose was approaching with his Hessians; and Webster, having by this time got his regiment reorganized, was sweeping across the field with the design of turning the American right. Greene's militia were all gone; the 2d regiment of Marylanders was gone, and he had no other reliable corps that he could bring up. He had only a few hundred on which he could depend, and they, besides having been much thinned by the enemy, were nearly prostrated by the fatigues of a long and bloody conflict. Under such circumstances there was nothing to be gained by continuing the conflict, and he ordered a retreat. He had done nearly all he expected; for he had no sanguine hope of victory; but he crippled his adversary so that he would be obliged to leave the country, and that was the main thing. This was his first battle in the south, and though a nominal defeat, it was a virtual and decisive victory; for it completely turned the tide of British success. Being, on the whole, pretty well satisfied with what he had done, he ordered Colonel Greene, with the Virginia regiment of continentals, which had been kept in reserve for the purpose to cover the retreat, and the order was obeyed with great promptness and resolution. A strong body under Tarleton was ordered to pursue; but Cornwallis, probably finding his loss much greater than he expected, soon had them recalled. After crossing the Reedy Fork three miles from Martinville, he rested his weary troops for two or three hours, and then proceeded, through a cold driving rain, to his camp, about sixteen miles from the scene of action, where they arrived about daybreak next morning. Here he remained two or three days, resting his men, collecting the stragglers, and reorganizing his army. He thought it not improbable that Cornwallis might attack him in his intrenchments, and he was ready for him; but Cornwallis was far more uneasy, lest Greene should pursue and attack him. After burying his dead and making some provision for the wounded, his lordship retreated with all practicable haste to Wilmington, on the seaboard and thence, across the eastern end of the State into Virginia. Greene pursued as far as Ramsey's mill on Deep river; but, finding it impossible to subsist his army in the sand hills, and being obliged to dismiss the militia, who had been drafted for only a short time, he turned his course; and after resting his men for two or three days at the Buffalo ford, a few miles higher up the river, he continued his route into South Carolina.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES,

The Literary World.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING.

There is no portion of the known world clustering around which there is so much of vital interest and importance, as "The City of the Great King." There is no land, no city—on the face of the earth, whose history can compare, in point of interest and importance, with the history of "The City of the Great King." The Holy Land! The City of Jerusalem! There is a solemn, a grand, an awe-inspiring significance attached to their very names, and which we can never mention without recalling to our minds some of those vividly-impressed and ever-memorable passages in their ever-memorable history. That history, in one aspect, so solemn and so sublime, is fraught with an account of the acts and deeds of One, whose worshippers are counted by millions. That once splendid and magnificent city, without a rival in beauty and magnificence, but which is now but indistinctly marked by the traces of its former greatness, was, in the time of its prosperity, the theatre upon which was enacted a tragedy, the like of which will never again be witnessed by man. What history can be so interesting and instructive to the human mind, as the history of the land of Moses and the Prophets, of Jesus Christ and his Apostles? What theme can compare in interest and importance with this? The interest and importance which cluster around and are attached to this famous land, this world-renowned city, are attributable to its having been the field in which the labors of that wonderful man, the son of Mary, were performed. It was within the land where the Son of God performed those miracles which fill the mind with wonder, astonishment, and reverence, and which are so touchingly and beautifully described in the Sacred Record. It was within this land that the Savior of mankind was born, where he lived, and suffered, and died an ignominious death upon the cross, for the redemption of an erring and wicked world. It was here where Christianity, in all its purity and loveliness, was first revealed unto man. It was here that nearly all that is recorded in our Bible transpired.

Jerusalem! "Name ever dear!" What hallowed memories and entrancing recollections spring at the mere

mention of that name! There is music and magic in the very thought! Jerusalem, the joy of the whole earth! The City of the Great King! Zion, the city of solemnities—an eternal excellency! "The hill which God desireth to dwell in: yea, will dwell in it for ever!" The theatre of the most memorable and stupendous events that have ever occurred in the annals of the world, Jerusalem! the world-attracting magnet of the devout pilgrim of every age and the stern warrior of every clime; not the least of whom were the chivalrous crusaders of our noble ancestry! A spot, at once the focus and the radiating point of the strongest emotions of three powerful religions! The land of hallowed associations, endearing reminiscences, and glorious anticipations! The renowned metropolis of the children of miracle, of prophecy, of promise and of Providence—a people near and dear unto the lord, and still beloved for their fathers' sake! "Who is there—having a heart to feel and a mind to conceive—that can seat himself on Mount Olivet and not weep over Jerusalem—can walk about Zion and catch none of the spirit of David—gaze on Calvary and feel no emotion—pass down the Kedron unmoved and unblest, and feel no rapture as he gazes on the Mount of Ascension! Truly, neither the head nor the heart of that person is to be envied that manifests no interest in such a place as the Holy City!"

This grand and soul-inspiring theme has engaged the pens of many of the ablest authors of all Christian countries. There is scarcely a theme that has attracted and enjoyed more attention than this, nor have there been written more worthy and excellent books upon any earthly theme than this. I always love to read, and never grow weary of reading books that treat of this famous land, except an occasional disgust at some of the palpably absurd and superstitious notions entertained, and ideas advanced by some misguided authors. So many books, indeed, and so many really able ones, have been written upon the Holy Land, that it would seem that to produce any more books upon that subject would be a needless task—a work of supererogation. But it is both unjust and ungenerous to condemn a book before we have read it. But I never was amongst those who maintained that there were books enough in our literature upon this subject. The fact is, that until the appearance of this noble volume, our native literature embraced no work upon this subject that could be relied upon, either for correctness or completeness. The most we had were letters written by travelers and transient visitors. This volume has higher aim and is intended for a nobler purpose, than to please and gratify the casual reader. The aim and object of its author was to furnish a reliable and comprehensive history of "The City of the Great King," deducible from the works of other authors, the Bible, and from its topography, together with accurate descriptions of its present appearance—a work both convenient in size and yet sufficiently large to comprehend the whole subject—a work that may be consulted with entire confidence as to its accuracy and reliability, by the historical student, as well as by the divine and the general reader. The author—knowing the absence of such a work in our national literature, ay, even in the literature of the whole world, and having the materials at hand, and having an intimate personal acquaintance with the Jerusalem of the present day, the result of many years residence there,—undertook the arduous and yet pleasant task, not as a source of profit, but from a sense of duty to his countrymen and to the world, of supplying this great void in literature. The peculiar advantages which the author enjoyed brought him in personal contact with many of the most interesting objects of the Jerusalem of the present day, and which have hitherto been forever closed and securely guarded against Christian observation, under penalty of death or the far worse alternative of Islamism. By means of such facilities he became enabled not only satisfactorily to solve many doubts and remove many difficulties that have heretofore obscured the subject, but to make many interesting discoveries. And he has also made some discoveries of the highest interest and importance to Biblical archaeology and topography in the environs of the city. I should love to enter quite at detail into these interesting features of this sterling and splendid volume, but my space will permit me only to deal in generalities.

I have read this volume with great care and with a deep and ever-increasing interest. It is entirely devoid of all affectations, both in style and contents. It is a plain, truthful, unvarnished statement of the incidents in the history of this great city. It was written with the pen and in the plain, simple, perspicuous language of truth. The apparent candor of the author, the manliness of his narrative, the aptness and forcibleness of his illustrations, the logical accuracy of his deductions and conclusions, and the calm philosophi-

cal tone which characterizes the work, carry conviction of its truthfulness to the mind of the reader. While the book bears no evidence of a striving to be eloquent or for rhetorical finish, yet many passages in it fairly glow with the eloquence of unadorned genius.—Although it bears evident marks of haste, the style is good, clear, terse and vigorous. His language is pure, strong, vernacular English, conveying his ideas clearly and forcibly, to the reader's mind. His familiarity with his subject and its history, and also with its important bearing upon the Christian religion, enabled him to treat it in the manner best adapted to a discovery of the truth. To get at the truth and convey this to the reader for his profit and advantage, appears to be the great object for which the author wrote. And to this end he has divided his work into four departments, to wit, Ancient Jerusalem, Mediaeval Jerusalem, Modern Jerusalem and Millennial Jerusalem, giving an account of the Great City and environs during each of those periods. The work is written with marked ability; and like a delicious romance, the interest never flags, notwithstanding the most important part is treated of in the earlier part of the work. This city occupies so much and such a highly important space in Holy Tidings, that there is continually and ever will be a demand for a further history of it, than the sacred Record affords. It is one of the most natural things in the world, for the mind, when a portion of the history of a pleasing or interesting object is conveyed to it, to desire to know more about it. And so it is with the mind of the student of the Bible, to seek for further and more specific information about Jerusalem, the "City of the Great King."

A great book is the noblest legacy that an author can bequeath to posterity. By it he confers a lasting favor upon posterity, and posterity in return rewards the author with an imperishable fame. There are but two kinds of nobility; the nobility of thought and the nobility of action. It is noble for an honest-hearted man to labor in humble employment as well as at which the feeble world has denominated more refined. The nobility of labor distinguishes the man, but the nobility of thought develops the godliness of intellectual greatness. The man who honestly labors for his bread, is entitled to the title of a nobleman, but the man who devotes his time, his energies, his life to the preparation of a great work for the benefit of the whole world, which will live centuries and centuries after he is dead, is worthy of a name among the gods. Truly, such a man only begins to live a life of usefulness and renown, when he dies. Nothing but the earthly semblance of such a man dies; the man lives, a teacher of the millions yet to be—While I do not regard the "City of the Great King" as one of the ablest books we have, yet I am free to say that it is the best book by far that I have seen upon that momentous theme, and a book in which the author will live to impart his views of Jerusalem for many years to come. It is a work that reflects honor upon our prosperous literature—a work creditable to the literature of any country. It is truly a noble work, written by a able man; a work of vast importance, and a work which will ever be read with the deepest interest and with great profit. It is a work not for any sect, or denomination, or class, but a book for the people. And my only regret is, that I am not permitted to go into detail and point out wherein the greatness, the beauty, the value, and the importance of it consist. I can but ask my reader to do what I have done, read it carefully, and the exclamation that will escape your lips when you close it—"Truly, this is a great book,"—will be the best commentary upon it that could be written.

The City of the Great King; or Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it is to be; by J. T. Barclay, M. D., this splendid volume of which I am speaking, is published in a style of excellence corresponding with its great merits. It contains many engravings and several lithographs in colors, and several excellent maps, all from original designs and they are entirely accurate. It also contains a splendid portrait of the author, which adds interest to the volume, which would have been incomplete without it. A large octavo volume of 627 pages, most beautifully printed, on fine calendered paper, and bound in strong and beautiful cloth, comprise some of its noticeable features.

It is from the press of Messrs. JAMES CHALLEN & SONS, of Philadelphia, and while the work, as a literary performance, is highly creditable to American literature, the part which the publisher has taken in its publication, is equally creditable to the American press. But few works have been issued in more attractive style from our press. I am indebted to my friends Messrs. E. DARROW & BRO, of Rochester, N. Y. for a copy of this magnificent work, and for the pleasure I enjoyed in reading it.

The "good-will" of any enterprise may be likened to the wag of a dog's tail. You can buy the tail, but not the wag thereof.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

(See Illustration.)

Charleston, a port of entry, capital of a district of its own name, and the largest city of South-Carolina, is situated on a tongue of land between the rivers Ashley and Cooper, which unite immediately below the town, and form a spacious harbor, communicating with the ocean at Sullivan's Island, 7 miles below. Cooper and Ashley rivers are from 30 to 40 feet deep, the former 1400, and the latter 2100 yards wide. The ground on which the city is built is elevated 8 or 9 feet above the level of the harbor at high tide, which rises about six feet, flowing by the city with a strong current, thus contributing to its salubrity. A sand bar extends across the mouth of the harbor, affording, however, two entrances, of which the deepest, near Sullivan's Island, has sixteen feet of water at low tide. The harbor is defended by Fort Pinckney and Fort Johnson, each on an island, the former 2, and the latter 4 miles below the city, and also by Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island.

Charleston is regularly built, and extends about 2 miles in length, and nearly 1½ miles in breadth. The streets, many of which are 60 or 70 feet broad, and bordered with the pride of India and other beautiful shade trees, pass, for the most part, parallel to each other, from the Cooper to the Ashley rivers, and are intersected by others nearly at right angles. Many of the houses are of brick, some of which are in a style of superior elegance; others are of wood, neatly painted, and embowered during the summer season amid a profusion of foliage and flowers.

The dwellings are often furnished with piazzas extending to the roof, and ornamented with vines or creepers, while the gardens attached to them are adorned with the orange, peach, and other choice trees, and a variety of shrubbery.

Institutions.—Charleston contains numerous educational and literary institutions, among which may be mentioned the Medical College of the State of S. Carolina, a flourishing school, founded in 1833. The Charleston College was founded in 1785, chartered anew in 1791, again re-organized in 1837. This institution has of late been greatly improved; extensive additions have been made to the main building, and another professorship established, entitled the chair of Intellectual Philosophy and Greek Literature. It is now in a very prosperous condition, with an able faculty, and the number of students steadily increasing. The Literary and Philosophical Society has a valuable collection of specimens in natural history. The Apprentices' Association possesses a library of 10,000 volumes, and maintains an annual course of lectures upon scientific subjects. The City Library numbers about 20,000 volumes; besides which there is a Mercantile Library Association. There are in the city a high school and several common schools, all of which are in a flourishing condition. The high school was established in 1833, and is endowed with \$1000 per annum for a hundred years. The number of pupils in attendance is usually from 130 to 150. The orphan asylum is richly endowed, and accommodates about 150 children; the building is one of the most remarkable in the city. A commodious alms-house is provided for the poor, and a new custom-house is about to be erected, the base of which is to be of granite, and the superstructure of marble. Charleston contains about 30 churches, a theatre, several first class hotels, (one of which, the City Hotel, cost \$150,000,) 4 cotton presses, a cotton factory 5 or 6 engine manufactory, a large number of grist mills, 5 ship yards, and an extensive dry dock, at which the largest vessels, with their cargoes, can be drawn up in about 3 hours. There are also in the city 9 banks under direction of companies, with an aggregate capital of \$11,153,582, 6 individual incorporated banks, having an aggregate capital of \$8,030,235, and a circulation of \$3,944,660, and several insurance and other incorporated companies. Two of the nine banks of Charleston, with a capital of \$1,000,000 each, were chartered by the legislature of 1852-53.

Commerce.—The chief exports of Charleston are cotton and rice. The large crop of sea island cotton, in S. Carolina, is from 22,000 to 23,000 bales, about two-thirds of which come to Charleston; the rest goes to Savannah. The rice crop of the State is usually in the neighborhood of 130,000 barrels, of which Charleston receives all, except 1,000 or 1,500 barrels going to Georgetown. During the year ending Aug. 31, 1854, Charleston exported 24,761 bales of sea island cotton, 408,278 bales of upland cotton, 323,064 bushels of rough rice, about as much cleaned rice, and 23,844,650 feet of lumber. Tobacco was also exported in considerable quantities. Since the opening of rail road communication with the great agricultural region of the West, Charleston has become the centre of an important trade in flour. The quantity received here in 1853 amounted to about 80,000 barrels, of which 30,000 were exported coastwise and foreign, 3,000 being sent to Liverpool.

The Wilmington Journal states that a man who professes to be weather wise, gives it as his opinion that there will be no rain during the whole of May. He says the same thing occurred during the year 1859, and again in 1839.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, March 19th, 1859.
Will there be an Extra Session?—Introducing
tribute to a distinguished North Carolinian
—Matilda Heron—Indictment of Daniel E.
Sickles—The trial.

The Extra Session question is just now causing a great stir in political circles here. As I stated in my last, the President and Cabinet are determined not to call Congress together, *unless compelled by the necessities of the public service* so to do. A cabinet meeting is being held to day to decide, this important point, so that, in case the Extra Session be found inevitable, the President's proclamation calling it, may go out by the next California Steamer. If called at all, it will probably be for the third Monday in August, thus allowing ample time for Elections in those States where none have yet been held.

On Monday, the 7th inst. at a meeting held by the North Carolinians residing in the city of Washington, when it was resolved that a cane be procured to be presented to the Hon. David S. Reid, whose team of service in the United States Senate had expired on the 3d inst., as a testimonial of the respect and regard entertained for him by his fellow-citizens of North Carolina in Washington. Mr. A. T. McCallum was selected by the meeting to make the presentation to Gov. Reid. At six o'clock in the evening of Mar. 12th the company assembled in one of the parlors of Brown's Hotel, where they were received by Gov. Reid. Mr. McCallum, having been introduced by Mr. Zevely, addressed him as follows:

Governor Reid: A portion of the citizens of North Carolina residing in Washington have devolved upon me the pleasing duty of presenting you with this cane as a slight testimonial of their high esteem. This, sir, is no unmeaning compliment; their hearts have prompted it; it is a token of their appreciation of your long, faithful, and distinguished public services and private worth. In presenting it, sir, you will permit us to express the hope that in your retirement you may be blessed with health, happiness, and prosperity.

In receiving the cane, Gov. Reid briefly returned his most grateful acknowledgments to Mr. McCallum and the gentlemen whom he represented on the occasion for the expression of kind feeling entertained for him, and for the bestowal of it; token of their personal regard.

The formalities of the occasion were then thrown aside and some hours spent in social intercourse. More than twenty North Carolinians were present, among them Hon. Thomas Bragg, the new senator, Hons. Thos. Ruffin, and A. M. Scales, members of the House. Hon. Mr. Vance, who was just about to depart for home, looked in to say good-by, when he pledged himself that he should be heard from if re-elected; if not he would not be heard from. At length, the company shook hands with Gov. Reid and bade him "good night." He left for his residence in your State the following morning.

The cane is of ebony, mounted with a richly-chased gold head, bearing the following inscription: "Hon. David S. Reid: From his North Carolina friends resident in Washington. 1859."

Matilda Heron (Sloper) is now playing at our Theatre which has re-opened for the Spring season. The announcement of her appearance draws crowded houses nightly.

The Grand Jury of this County have made a presentment against Mr. Sickles for the murder of Key. The greatest interest is felt in the approaching trial; Messrs. Graham and Brady of N. Y. and Mr. Stanton of Pittsburgh, the first criminal lawyers in the country are retained for the defence. Little else of interest is transpiring.

Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. March, 21st, '59.

All about nothing, including Congress and the weather—The New Bank—The Supreme Court—Everything in general and several others in particular.

Dear Times; It is an ancient adage, and so far as we are at present informed, a true one that "it is impossible to extract sanguineous particles from the globose radicle of an ordinary culinary vegetable," and it is certainly not less difficult for us to write a news letter, when we have not only to fabricate the material, but to gather together its component parts. The Legislature, you know, has adjourned, so we are cut off from the pleasant task of recording their fanciful vagaries and extravaganzas; Congress has quit pocketing the public money at the rate of \$50 apiece per day, so the papers say, and betaken themselves to other amusements, less expensive to the good people. It is much to be hoped that some of these Honorable, who did themselves and the country so much credit by their diligent application to business will now be allowed to repose on the laurels they have won; their loving constituents ought never more to part with their desirable company.—

Yours, &c., P. S. S.

Rev. Thomas Culbert, of Bainbridge, Ga., was killed on Sunday; the 6th inst., by his horse running away.

Letters from Julia Southall.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

VILLAROSA, March, 15th, 1859.
In the free country—Villarosa—Day-Dreams—
In Fairy-land.

DEAR TIMES:—I wrote to you last from Baltimore, but now I have the pleasure of dating my letter from the country-seat of Col. S—, a friend, at whose hospitable home I hope to spend two or three weeks quite pleasantly. Mrs. S— is a dear, motherly old soul, and her daughters, Virginia and Lucy, all that one could desire as companions and friends.

Villarosa is a charming little place, half smothered with trees and flowers. The trees are mostly evergreens, and the air is already fragrant with peeping violets that dot the grassy yard like stars. Lucy and I are going to ramble all over the pretty grounds, and the forest back of the house; and we intend to have a "fine time," so she says. We have already explored the yard, searching on hands and knees for white violets, which always hide beneath the grass, and are so much the sweetest. Virginia don't take much interest in our fine plans, as she is a year or two older than we are, and considers herself quite old enough to be very dignified. It was only summer, now! There is a green freshness in the summer woods which entices one into their cooling avenues with a feeling of g'd relief from the too-bright blazing of the July sun. The oak spreads its thick foliage over our heads, and the nimble squirrel sports among the leafy branches, chattering with the brown-coated mocking-bird and the robin with his ruddy breast. Here the wood-nymphs might dance their lives away, and one almost expects to interrupt the court of Oberon and Titania, or to trespass on the dominions of Queen Mab. It was in a mood like this that I wandered heedlessly through the woods one summer day, and resting at the foot of a giant oak, I allowed my imagination to mislead me, or else I dreamed, and oh! how sweetly! Do you ever indulge in day-dreams, Mr. Times? I dare say you havn't time, though. Well, to proceed. There seemed all at once to be given to me a vision I did not possess before, and I saw myriads of tiny creatures springing from every bud and flower; now springing from the back of a gaily plumed humming-bird; now swinging on the tendrils of delicate vines; now gaily launching their acorn-cup boats, into the brook; and again, resting quietly upon the bosom of a rose. I could distinguish the fairies by their fair skins, and the brownies by their sun-burnt complexion. The fairies were clad in white, the brownies in green.

At last there arose from the bosom of a wild honeysuckle a graceful and delicate form, which I knew to be the elfin queen. Her figure was delicate in the extreme, and covered with a gauzy robe of rich, emerald green. A long, tapering pair of the tiniest wings, of so vivid a green, and so richly shaded that the ends gleamed with a purplish lustre, quivered in the air; and a diadem of smallest, greenest fern-leaves bound the rippling waves of jetty hair, sparkling and flashing with diamond dew. She held a sceptre or wand from the green shoot of the blackberry.

"My browny court," began the elfin queen, in a voice musical as the wind among roses, "my browny court has been broken up by the coming of the fairy king and queen. They have led their troops among our sweetest flowers, and frightened the timid hare away. Their little bell boats have scared the gay red-bird from the brook, and the squirrel no more takes his supper on the moss. My elves no longer dance by the ruddy rays of the rising moon, or chase the Jack-o'-lantern through the marsh; and even I can scarce find fire-flies enough to draw my chariot through the air. We must have war, or the fays must leave the home of the brownies. Let the fairy king decide it."

Then the fairy king, Oberon, arose, and the fays and elves kept silence. His garments were of satiny white, thick and glossy as lily leaves, and the robe of his queen was a silvery mist. Snow-white wings, delicately tipped with blue, drooped from their shoulders, and a garland of wild heartsease bound their golden tresses.

"Queen Mab has said wisely," replied the fairy king, "that the fays must leave the elves, or there will be war. We will not leave the glen of our love, and war there must be. Here Titania loves to string the pearly dew, and here my fays may snare the wild blue-bird. We will not leave the glen of our love. Let the elfin queen arrange her elves. The faires will here hold their court."

Then the elfin queen called together her elves, and sat upon a massy throne gemmed with scarlet berries and white violets. On one side were ranged the elf maidens of honor, Dewbell, Rosemary, Marygold, and Cowslip; on the other sat Cockledemoy, the Prime Counsellor, while the rest of the fays crowded round to hear the queen's decision. War was finally determined, and Cockledemoy was dispatched as ambassador to the fairy court. When Oberon received Queen Mab's message, he marshalled his troops,

and a splendid array they formed. The fairy king and queen, rode upon two snow-white rabbits, richly decorated, and Puck, their Prime Counsellor, mounted a huge toad which he found under a rock. Queen Mab rode upon a grey squirrel, and Cockledemoy could barely manage a sober old cat which the rogue had stolen from the fireside of a good farmer. All was ready for the terrible fray, when—I awoke, and behold, it was a dream.

Humph! I believe I'm dreaming now. Good-bye dear Times, and pleasant dreams.

Respectfully yours,

JULIA SOUTHALL.

Familiar Correspondence.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

DEAR LOTTIE:

I have just returned from a visit to the Peaks of Otto, and the Natural Bridge, and I mean to tell you all about my trip for I know you will like to hear about it, so we will sit here in this nice little corner of "The Times" and have a pleasant tête à tête, quite oblivious of the busy world around us. Our party consisted of four, and surely a happier company never traveled up the canal than ours, not even the jostling of the packet boat, or the blowing of the horn disturbed us, and when the boat made a sudden lurch and tumbled Selina out of her comfortable resting place, she laughed as heartily as any of us, and said she didn't mind it at all, and I actually detected Mr. Stubbs smiling after he had dropped his bran new hat in the canal.—Wasn't that philosophical? And when Mr. Grant turned over his cup and spilt his coffee, he didn't so much as frown when we laughed at him. Only think of that! In fact, we didn't care anything about the troubles on the way, our minds were so fixed on the Peaks and the Bridge, and so after three days' traveling on canal, in buggies and on horseback, we at last reached the foot of the Peaks of Otto. It was quite dark and raining when we got to the hotel kept for the accommodation of those who visit the Peaks, and what a nice supper we had, and how we enjoyed it. I wonder what Byron would have thought of Selina and myself if he could have seen us at the supper table that night. We were so hungry after our long ride that we could not help from eating, but fortunately for us, Mr. Grant and Mr. Stubbs were too busily engaged over their own plates to notice how much we had taken on ours, and so we escaped detection; and now let me tell you, Lottie, if you ever lose your appetite, just come to Virginia and take a trip to the Peaks, and you will be sure to eat more than you would like to acknowledge.

We slept very soundly that night, but we were up before the dawn peeping through the curtains to see if the sky was cloudy. Not a cloud was to be seen anywhere excepting around the top of the mountain which loomed up like a great giant in the darkness; the stars shone out clear and still in the blue sky above us, and as we were bent on seeing the sunrise from the peak, we made all haste to begin our ascension at once. We were soon ready, and with light hearts we followed the guide who walked before us carefully, bearing a lantern in his hand that threw strange ghastly light on the trees and rocks around us. At last, after a great deal of climbing and laughing, we stood firmly on the highest peak, and looked towards the east, waiting the coming of the king of day. A faint flush, soft as the tint that is seen in the ocean shells, spread itself gradually over the whole eastern horizon. Lighter and lighter it grew, and suddenly the sun himself stood before us. Oh! I can never—never tell you the glory of that moment, Lottie. I was conscious of but one thought, and that was of the majesty and eternity of him who "holdeth the earth in the hollow of his hand." It was a long time before we could turn our eyes from the magnificent scene before us, and noon came and found us gazing down with a strange, subdued joy on the green fields and brown hills extending miles and miles away, with the broad river and rills sparkling in the sunlight like threads of glittering pearl. It was a scene long to be remembered, and we retraced our steps, saying from the depth of our hearts, "Thanks be to God for his mountains." When we got back to the hotel we found ourselves too weary to leave that evening, and while Selina and myself amused ourselves looking at the books and playing with the little children, Mr. Grant and Mr. Stubbs were looking over and copying the most striking poems contained in the Album kept for the express purpose of holding the frost escaping from the brains of distressed poets as they stand with their eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," gazing on the magnificent glories around them. It was very wicked in the gentlemen to copy the poems, and I half suspect Mr. Stubbs of adding somewhat to them, but he says he didn't, so I send them to you just as he handed them to me:

LINES ON SEEING THE MOUNTAIN.

The mountain like a giant stands
Before the bending sky.
And while I gaze upon its face,
I'm almost fit to cry!
I am astonished at its height—
I think it beats the beater—
In all my life I never saw
So wonderful a creature!
Ah, if I had a house up there,
With Nannie Green beside me,
I wouldn't care for all the world,
No matter what betide me.
I'd watch from morning until night
To see the sun arising,
And oh, the way I'd gather flowers
Would be to all surprising!
And when I died I'd want to be
Upon the top peak lying,
With Nannie Green, my darling dear,
Beside my grave a crying!

LINES.

Oh, glorious mountain, to be sure,
I never saw your like before;
You reach almost up to the sky,
I am surprised you are so high.
I gaze upon you with delight,
And then I stop awhile and write,
And then I say it o'er and o'er,
I never saw such a sight before!

LINES.

What a sight thou art, oh, mountain,
What a sight thou art!
As I gaze on thee ten thousand' thoughts are in my heart.
And yet from telling them aloud
My humble heart doth shrink,
I am surprised, amazed, overcome,
And don't know what to think.

LINES.

'Tis morning, and the sun is up,
The earth is all a-glow,
As on the mountain top I stand
And view the land below.
Hills, trees and rivers are like spots,
So very small they seem,
My head gets giddy as I gaze—
I'm surely in a dream.

But I'll not let you see another one of those poems. I want you to read them from that Album with your own eyes. You will find some beautiful ones there, which Mr. Stubbs didn't have taste and industry enough to copy, and I was really too tired to do it myself. And now good night, dear Lottie. I will tell you about our trip to the Bridge next week, as it is quite too late to say a word more to-night, and you are actually nodding now—how impolite, but I know you couldn't help it.

Yours truly M. C. S.

READING.—In actual life we read for our own information; we read for the sake of catching the sentiment. Hence,

1. It is far more important (and far more difficult) to teach classes to read understandingly, than it is to render them skillful pronouncers of words. "I had rather speak five words with my understanding * * * than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue," says the teacher Paul. Yet nine-tenths of the children in this state, merely to gratify a longing after big leather covered reading books, do stammeringly read "ten thousand words in an unknown tongue," and too many teachers never dream of asking, "understand thou what thou readest?"

2. Every word of every reading lesson should be thoroughly understood, ere the lesson is completely read.

3. For young classes, the teacher ought carefully to explain and familiarly paraphrase every reading lesson, and (as an exercise in writing and spelling) require an accurate transcription of, at least, a paragraph or two, as the regular preparation for the recitation.

4. More advanced classes should make this paraphrase for themselves, and write it out fairly, learning to use their dictionary as the companion of all their studies.

5. The mechanical training of the vocal organs should not be based upon the reading lesson, but should stand by itself as a mechanical exercise.

6. All the lessons of school should be treated as reading lessons, and be carefully read aloud by the class ere they be given up for recitation.

It must be borne in mind that we define reading, as a branch of school training, thus: Reading is the art of understanding the thoughts of others when they address the eye either in script or print. Vocal exercises is quite a different attainment.

Our schools too often teach the voice to read, and the understanding go uncultivated, in this exercise.—Teacher's Institute.

Col. Jos. Bond, of Macon, Ga., one of the largest cotton planters of the South, was killed in an affray, last Saturday, with L. Brown, at Albany, Ga.

The North Carolinians resident in the city of Washington, presented an ebony cane to Senator Reid, whose term expired on the 3d inst.

Columbia's S. C. exchanges announce the death of Hon. Wm. McKenna, formerly Senator from Lancaster District, and father of Mrs. J. F. G. Mittag.

T. K. Hervey, the poet, died in England, Feb. 17th, in the 35th year of his age. He was the editor of the London Athenaeum.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, March 26, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARUTHERS, D. D., W. R. HUNTER, J. S. H. BROWN, J. W. ALBRIGHT, Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, J. WOODRUFF LEWIS, S. J. T. COLE, MARY, MARY W. JAYNE, WILLIE E. PARSON, T. M. JONES, C. G. DUNN, ANN R. HATES, GRACE M. WOOD, Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON, ED. ST. GEO. COOKE, MARY E. COOKE, GRIFFITH J. MORRE, and others.

GEO. W. COYTHON, R. G. STACEY, R. H. COOPER, F. MILLER, Prof. E. F. BUCKWELL, MATTHEW SMITH, J. LEWIS JOHNSON, LOTTIE LINWOOD, C. L. PERRY SPERRY, Mrs. DI VERNON, PAULINE HARRISON, Mrs. O. W. LEAVET, Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS, CHARLES W. DORR, H. D. DWIGHT, J. C. FITZ GERALD, and others.

Greene Monument Association.

Tuesday, the 15th instant, was the anniversary of the battle of Guilford, the day appointed by the constitution for the annual meeting of the Greene Monument Association. There was no regular lecturer procured for the occasion, the design being to hold a purely business meeting, in which all the members might freely express their views and some plan result for future operation. It was the prevailing sentiment that measures should be adopted by which funds should be immediately raised and the work accomplished as speedily as may be.

The whole operative management is vested in a board of managers, consisting of ten members, elected annually. The board was instructed by a unanimous vote of this meeting to procure bonds from our citizens of any amount they might feel willing to give and payable as they might propose. Some of our people have somewhat complained of the slow progress made by the Managers, and perhaps not wholly without a cause; yet we hope now they will evince their sincerity by filling up the bonds as they may feel able, and anxious for the speedy completion of the monument. For maturing plans to act upon the above suggestion, the Managers are requested to hold a meeting on Friday night at the usual place.

Being the annual election the following Officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President,
Hon. John M. Morehead.
Vice-Pres.
Hon. John M. Dick, Prof. Richard Sterling, Hon. John A. Gilmer, Jesse H. Lindsay, Rev. E. W. Caruthers, James A. Long, " T. M. Jones, Peter Adams, " C. H. Wiley, David McKnight, " L. S. Burkhead, Ralph Gorrell, Dr. D. C. McBane.
Corresponding Secretary, Will. L. Scott.
Recording Secretary, C. C. Cole.
Treasurer, Dr. D. P. Weir.
Board of Managers.
Lyndon Swain, Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, Jed. H. Lindsay, Dr. T. J. Patrick, Charles G. Yates, W. A. Caldwell, Robert P. Dick, David M. Sloan, W. J. McConnell, Levi M. Scott.

TWENTY-SEVEN:—Cicero's first great speech in defense of Roscius was made at the age of twenty-seven. It was at the same age at which Demosthenes distinguished himself in the assembly of the Athenians. Dante published "Vita Nuova" when just twenty-seven. Dryden first gave testimony to his poetical genius at the age of twenty-seven. Bacon began to form his new system of philosophy into some form when about twenty-seven. Burns issued his first publication in his twenty-seventh year. Washington was but twenty seven when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and was appointed to the command-in-chief of all the Virginia forces. John Quincy Adams was appointed by Washington, in 1794, minister resident to the United Netherlands—thus commencing his public life at the age of twenty-seven. Napoleon, we believe, was only twenty-seven when he led the army into Egypt.

Our Homes, once more.

There is no problem of deeper interest to every man who is so fortunate as to have a home than this. How he may make that home happy. His own enjoyment is so certainly involved in that of his household, that every effort he wisely makes to advance their comfort must make him happier also; and he can in no way so surely promote his own interests as by an earnest regard to theirs. All this is plainly true in regard to the internal economy of his home—in all that touches the cultivation of mutual esteem, and generous affections, and a kind forbearance, and in all the offices of kindness and helpfulness, in that wise love which rectifies at once and forgives every fault, and finds its own best exercise and reward in the growing virtue, and peacefulness, and prosperity of all whom the same blood animates or the same roof covers. It is as plainly true—if one will duly think of it—in regard to the material surroundings of our homes, and all that in their outward features and conditions on which so much depends the happiness of our daily life.

We have referred to this subject recently in more ways than one, and may refer to it more than once again, because we feel deeply, how much the comforts and enjoyments of every individual among us are dependent on our observances of matters of outward conveniences or ornaments, and because we see every day and every where to what a woeful extent these matters are undervalued and disregarded.

We have spoken of changes in and around our homes in the way of tasteful improvement. Would that we could convey to our readers a title of what we feel of the urgent necessity of a change among us in this respect. We do not doubt, however, that there are many who fully enter into and share our feelings. Nor do we doubt that very many are deterred from any effort in this regard, simply because they are not aware, how much may be accomplished by a little respect for order, and a habit of neatness. Yet, it is obvious, the beauty, comfort, and happiness of our abodes, does not depend on an exhibition of wealth, nor on any display of the works of art. Painting and Statuary, in most of our houses, would be incongruous, and because of their unfitness to their precincts, would prove oppressive to a just taste.—What—on the contrary—is wanted in the common residences of common men among us is neatness, propriety order: and the same qualities should be conspicuous also in all the surroundings of their houses. This clearly calls for no great effort, requires no great expense, demands no singular taste. Common good sense the amount of true taste that falls to the lot of even ordinary men, exerted in some definite and well-conceived plans, with hardly the occasional outlay of a few dollars, will answer all the needs. Clearly, it needs no rare energy to keep the fences and hedges around one's dwelling in good repair.—Yet how much of what strikes us unpleasantly in so many of the residences that we see, comes from unsightly gaps, and other tokens of decay and neglect in these surroundings! A habit of order in the master or mistress of a plantation will keep every thing in its place, and see that every thing is done in the right time. This costs nothing, not even a conscious effort. Still, more than half the differences—to the eye of the observer—between the estate of the sloven and that of his orderly neighbor, results from the regarding or the disregarding of the right time and the right place.

In fact, let one make the experiment, and it is astonishing how little time and trouble it takes to make one's home a model of order and propriety, and even beauty; how little, to convert a bald and naked house and neglected premises into a scene of simple and most attractive loveliness. Apply a little paint, and you change entirely the character of the exterior at once. If you can not afford paint, take some leisure hour, and go to the woods, and bring home the wild vines and shrubs that grow in profuse beauty everywhere, and plant and train them along the sides and over the roof, and after twelve months' growth, you will hardly know your former uncouth house in the graceful changes that will have come over it. These cases are put, as examples of what any man may do, and do most easily. And we can safely predict that no man who has once favored these suggestions will regret his having done so.

Our Poetical Gallery.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

NUMBR ONE.

Poetry, that is, in effect and in truth, poetry—simple and pure and sweet, like the unsullied breath of the awakening spring, can never be too often repeated. Its beauties can never weary us:—

"We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming
Is a familiar rapture to the eye;
And you bright star we hail, although its loom-
ing
Night after night shoots sparkle from the
sky."

And just as gladly does the true soul ever venture within the realms of poetry. We read the same Time tried numbers, again and again, with ever renewing delight; as the worshiper of another of earth's beautiful forms of expression, drinks in new joys as he stands—for the thousandth time, perhaps, in some dim old gallery where hang paintings and other rich products of art, in glorious array, well nigh crumpled by age. Keats says—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
and our Baker of to-day, with much of Keats' finest susceptibility, echoes,—

"Forever do I feel thee, Poetry,
Floating serene amid the God-breathed essence
That from destruction saves our intellect."

Therefore, as a more intimate acquaintance with the graces and sweetly rounded excellencies of genuine poetry must ever bring a proportionably increasing delight! we propose a Poetical Gallery. In it we shall bring from time to time, such gems from the master-spirits of the sweet art as shall tempt the reader to pause, even if it be for the hundredth time, a willing listener.

Thomas Buchanan Read! How inevitably do the sweetest poetical associations cluster around that name! And what a halo of glory already encircles the brow of our young Philadelphia Painter-Poet. How wonderful is it that until an English critic, (Coventry Patmore,) pointed to the rising effulgence of his star, the world scarcely saw it. All the sweet lays of his morn were sung to sleeping eyes and heedless ears, though Fame even then was waiting to crown him with her laurels. Among the sweetest offerings to his muse, are included many of his earliest efforts. Let us reset one of these matin lays:—

THE TASK WAS ENDED.
The task was ended, and the day was done,
When down I wandered through the fields of June;
And in the broad bright highway of the sun
Rolled up the solemn chariot of the moon.
Down in the brook I saw the starry sky,
And heard the happy waters wake the air;
The stars looked down into my soul, 'till I
Went singing like the brook—unaware.

But where the streamlet made a songless rest,
The stars sat clustered like young nested birds;
So when the thoughts were thickest in my breast
They star-like shone, but had no flow of words.

And thus the glorious night bequeathed to me
The fullest splendor of its blessed looks,
Until I thought indeed that Heaven must be
A world of June, of moonlight, stars and brooks.

It is not half long enough. But our poet has a fashion of bringing just such gems to a close in just such a provoking way. We must be cautious how we set our next gem, for even Read seldom cut a sweater brilliant than that.

A GLIMPSE OF LOVE.
She came as comes the summer wind
A gust of Beauty to my heart,
Then swept away, but left behind
Emotions which shall not depart.

Unheralded she came and went
Like music in the silent night,
Which, when the burthen'd air is spent
Bequeaths to memory its delight.

Or, like the sudden April bow
That spans the violet—waking rain
She bade these blessed flowers to grow,
Which may not fail or fade again.

Far sweeter than all things most sweet
And fairer than all things most fair
She came and passed with footstep fleet
A shining wonder in the air.

The muse of Mr. Read is essentially soft, touching, and tender. It is generally inspired by rural scenery and delights, by the tenderest and holiest emotions. We include one gem, however, that for power and *nerve* has rarely been excelled. It was written, as will be seen, about twelve years ago, while our country was engaged in war with Mexico. It has not been included in the published works of Mr. Read, the author consider-

ing its subject of too local interest for preservation:—

HARK, THE SOUND IS IN OUR HIGHWAYS!

(Flour in Ireland ten dollars per barrel. Soldiers in Mexico seven dollars per month.)

"Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap."—Hood.

Hark! the sound is in our highways!

'Tis the rolling drum and file,

Lending down to Death's wild deserts

Martial caravans of life!

With a visage grim and solemn,

How the plumed host departs!

There's a blood-scent in their nostrils,

'Tis the blood of their own hearts!

Flesh, ho! flesh to feed the vulture,

Human cattle very low!

Droves of skeletons to whiten

On the plains of Mexico!

They are marching by the chapel,

And their measured foot-falls say,

"Toll the passing bell, good sexton,

We are passing quite away!

Toll the bell, from this long journey,

Few who go shall ever come back!

Toll, oh toll! so those who love us

May put on their weeds of black!

Flesh, ho! flesh to feed the vulture,

Human cattle very low!

Droves of skeletons to whiten

On the plains of Mexico!

J. S. H.

* Time of the memorable famine in Ireland.

A. N. Zevely, Esq., formerly of North Carolina, who has been for some years a clerk in the Post Office Department at Washington, succeeds the late John Marron, as Third Assistant Postmaster General.

The Washington Star says:

"Mr. Zevely, the new Third Assistant Postmaster General, has grown old in the service of the Department, wherein for some years past he has occupied the place of greatest trust and responsibility, next after the position of an Assistant Postmaster General. He is a gentleman of few words, great industry and caution, excellent sense and scrupulous rectitude of character—qualities which fit him eminently well for the satisfactory discharge of the duties of the position. We do not know that Mr. Zevely has any particular polities. In the course of perhaps twenty years acquaintance with him, we never heard him open his mouth on a political topic. His selection under the circumstances, satisfies us that the President simply looked for the best man to fill the place so far as the public interest is concerned—not rewarding a blatherskite, noisy political partizan. So mote it be ever more."

ANARCHY IN THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.—The Republicans of the Illinois Legislature have left that body without the three-fifths quorum required by the State Constitution. They have all gone home in a body, leaving the appropriation bills for the support of the Republican State Government not passed. The reason of this conduct is, that, if they stay; the bill apportioning the State into legislative districts will be passed. In order to prevent the majority from ruling, they have taken the responsibility of blocking the wheels of government. What the Democratic majority will do is thus indicated in a dispatch to the St. Louis *Democrat*:

"The Speaker states that less than a quorum cannot adjourn *sine die*, and that he will sit every day until January, 1861." The Sergeant-at-arms will, of course be sent after the Republican absquatics.

SCIENCE—IN OIL.—There is a factory in Mobile which makes several kinds of oil from common pine resin. First crude oil, then gas oil, which it is said will generate 1000 feet of gas to the gallon, costing only twenty cents; then deck oil, tanner's oil, paint oil, and then a kind of spirit, for burning purposes. Science has wrought wonders!

CHARLESTON TRADE.—The Charleston Mercury says that the Spring trade has opened finely and a heavy business is being done. The wholesale houses are kept open till after midnight packing and boxing goods.

A pipe, like a quack medicine is nothing till it is puffed.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES,
TO MORROW—TO MORROW.

BY WILLIE E. PARSON.

With heavy hearts and aching eyes
We walk about with life's stern sorrow,
And when we're asked when it will go,
And joy will take the place of woe,
The heart, in hopeful tone, replies
To-morrow—yes, To-morrow.

We watch the roses in our way,
And from these fragile tokens borrow
Sweet comfort, like a sense of ease
Succeeding days of tire; they please
Us and our glad lips say,
That more will come To-morrow.

And so we go toward our fate,
Still hugging to our hearts our sorrow;
The poison bides beneath the flower;
And Death o'er Life hath potent power,
And we alas! all vainly wait
To-morrow and To-morrow.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES,
LOOKING ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY NANNIE.

With so much beauty and comfort, it would be most ungrateful in us to look otherwise than on the sunny side of life. All nature teaches us lessons of cheerfulness; the flowers opening up by waysides or by murmuring streams, turn thine fair petals to the sunny side, content to look on the source of light, and to afford food for the wild bee or tiny humming bird.

Forests and groves lie glad in the sunshine, affording shelter to the weary, and sustenance to the hungry. Palms and palmettos hold out their leafy hands to catch the cooling moisture, and seem joyful in the sunlight.

The seasons, the beautiful order of seasons, is a system so good and wise, that our hearts should be a perpetual hymn of praise. Who can fail to rejoice, to be glad and gay, when "seasons and months, and weeks and days," bring with them new joys and pleasures. The butterfly on bright and gilded wings, sports joyously in the summer air, and the birds sing gaily their love songs to the quivering leaves.

The whole earth is bathed in beauty, and all things sing a song of joy, and we too should do so, but an idle song; ours should be an industrial hymn of delight, nor should we ever forget that kind words and gentle accents, often make the sunshine of existence.

Gentleness throws many a sunbeam on what would else be drear.

LOOK OUT FOR THE BEGGARS.—A number of Italian vagrants are under arrest in Pittsburgh, charged with soliciting aid under false pretenses. They carry forged papers, setting forth their claims upon the sympathy of the public. The mayor learned from an intelligent and respectable Italian that there is a regular system, which has its head quarters in New York, by which this swindling is carried on. There these papers are printed by cart-loads. The chiefs have the whole United States districted off, and solicit consignments of Italian beggars, to whom they farm out counties so much per cent. on the collections made. The moneys collected are deposited to the credit of the depositor, and then sent to an Italian banker in New York, whose name we do not know. From there it is taken by the beggar, when he gets as much as he wants, to Italy, where he invests it to suit himself. The above and other similar facts having appeared—Mayor Weaver thought it best not to let them off according to their request, so he bundled them all off to jail and sentenced each, as vagrants.

A CHAPTER ON DIVORCE.—In the State of South Carolina a divorce never has been granted in a single case. Yet in many of the States there is really no telling what is not a valid marriage; in many cases children may be legitimate in one State and illegitimate in another, and parties liable to the State prison in one State for adultery, who are living in lawful wedlock in the State adjoining. A similar, but far worse, looseness as to marriage prevailed in Rome during its decline and fall. Jerome mentions witnessing the funeral of a woman who was followed by her twenty second husband to the grave, she having been his twenty first wife.

A COUNTERFEIT.—A counterfeit \$10 note on the Bank of Cape Fear, received by a merchant in Fayetteville last week, has been handed us for notice. It is on the Fayetteville Branch, No. 839, letter A. The whole note is pale and imperfect, compared with

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
The Wind.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The Wind is a jolly fellow,
A right merry bit of a loon—
And I never tire of hearing him
Sing his cheering old tune!
He varies the "march" to a "rondo,"
The "rondo" into a "waltz,"
And he plays a rousing "couplet,"
And sings in "fuschetto" voice.

Sometimes, he alters the true "theme"—
To an "aria" on the black keys—
When black clouds cover the Occident,
And hury on the tops of the trees!
A "duett" he has with the brook-voice,
A "song" with the gentle birds—
He warbles a "glee" *ad libitum*
Improvising the air and words.

A "quick step's" his greatest passion;
Oh, how he roars o'er the hills!
Or pours out a low "voluntary,"
Coquettishly courting the hills!
A "mazourka" he plays for the tulips,
To dance with the gay aspodels—
And a beautiful, graceful "redown"
He has with blue aster bells.

Well, prosper thou! jolly old Wind-God,
I'll greet thee on land, or on sea;
Wherever I meet thee, thou knowest
There's love in my bosom for thee!
In the Northland, they call thee a savage,
In the South, a skin-burning blast—
But here, in the mid zone we greet thee,
A breath of delight going past!

Farmington, N. H.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Mabel Melvin:
—OR—
A Tale of Real Life.

BY BEATRICE.

CHAPTER II.

Tho' now to thee the world seems cold,
And tho' no sunny spot you see,
Ne'er despair—the future may unfold
A life of joy and peace for thee.

FTER Kate left the room, Mabel bundled up what clothes she had, and taking them under her arm, descended to the street. It was quite dark and the ground was covered with snow. Oh, where should she go? She had no home—no friends in the world; to whom should she look for protection? People hurried past wrapped in their thick coats and warm cloaks; none stopped to notice the poor trembling form that started and trembled at the approach of every footstep. She wandered she knew not whither from one street to another. At last she sank down exhausted on the steps of a small but neat house.—She had fainted. When she revived she was on a bed and an old woman was bending over, bathing her temples. The room though plainly furnished had an air of comfort about it. Looking around she asked:

"Where am I? Have I been dreaming?"

"Be easy awhile an' lay still; ye is wid friends," said the old woman.

"But how came I here?"

"Never mind, honey, how ye came here—it's not the like o' me as would see a poor little thing like ye suffer an' not help 'um," and the good old woman busied herself in getting something for Mabel to eat.

"Here my swate little lady, try and ate something—ye look like ye made it."

"No, I thank you, my kind friend, I don't feel like eating."

"Well, child, may be ye don't fale like it, but ye must try and ate."

"As you have taken so much trouble I will try."

"There, that's right—now go to slape an' ye'll fale better when ye wake."

Mabel closed her eyes and tried to follow the old woman's advice. At last she slept, and it was late next morning when she awoke. Breakfast was waiting, and she arose and hastily dressed herself. After breakfast she was preparing to leave when the old woman asked:

"Why, where will ye be goin', child?"

"I am going to leave the city; I don't know where I shall go. But whom am I to thank for the kindness rendered me?"

"O, never mind about thankin' me, honey, it's not the like o' me to do things for thanks."

"Yes, but I do thank you, for you have been a kind friend to me—I would be glad to know your name."

"Well, child, it's Mag Harden, and was me mother's own name."

"Miss Harden, if ever I have it in my power I will repay your kindness. Good bye—I may never see you again."

"Good bye, child, may God bless yo."

When Frank found that Mabel had left his aunt's he determined to find her. He searched the city over for her, but all his searching was in vain.

* * * * *

Twelve months have passed since Mabel left Mrs. Chalton's. Mr. Chalton has failed, his property has all been sold for debt, and his family was compelled to move into a small house in the suburbs of the city. Mrs. Chalton never left the house, but gave herself up to repining over her misfortunes. Little Cora is the same sweet little girl of twelve months

ago; in vain she tries to win a smile from Ma, and wonders why Pa always looks so sad. When Kate found that their wealth was all gone, and fortune-hunters would soon cease to woo, she accepted the hand of one who was then addressing her and who was reputed wealthy, but who turned out to be nothing but a penniless fortune hunter, and when he found that he was deceived and had not got a fortune, he cursed her and left her. She returned to her father's humble dwelling and it was then that she repented of the folly of her youth, but too late to repair the error.

Frank left the city soon after Mabel did in search of her. One evening after a long day's journey he came in sight of a small village. Spurring up his steed he soon arrived at what seemed to be the principal tavern of the place. A dirty looking negro came up to take his horse. Alighting he was met by the smiling landlord at the door, who extended his hand and gave him a cordial welcome. He was shown into a neat little parlor, where two very gentlemanly looking men were seated, engaged in a high conversation. They turned and bowed as Frank entered, and then resumed their conversation.

"I should like much to know if any of Charles Melvin's heirs are living or not," said one.

"And so would I, Harry, suppose we try and find out, and if none of them are living we'll go and claim the property ourselves."

"But, Tom, joking aside, I think it was a miserable shame for that scoundrel to defraud Melvin as he did."

"And so do I, Harry; a cowardly mean trick; hanging would be too good for him."

"I think the old fellow must have been to see Ramon and told him he was most ready for him, or he never would have put that advertisement in the papers."

Frank could keep silent no longer:

"Of whom are you speaking—Melvin did you say?"

"Yes sir, that is the name."

"Where did he live?" said Frank.

"They lived in a town about fifteen miles from here, the town of N—— You seem to be a stranger in these parts, or you would have heard of the transaction."

"Yes sir, I am; I never was this far south before to-night."

"Ah! well I will tell you the tale if you would like to hear it."

"Certainly, sir, I would be glad to hear it."

"Well sir, Melvin was merchant doing business in N——, and a better man never lived. He had one of the sweetest daughters in the world. Mabel Melvin was a lovely creature; she had a great many beaux, but none of them could win her. But I have left my subject. As I said, he was doing a good business, when he took into partnership with him this Ramon. Business seemed to prosper very well for a short time, but soon Mr. Melvin found he was sinking, and through the means of Ramon. Some way, I never understood how, he entered into a speculation and failed, and soon after died.—His wife and daughter moved away, and I have never known where they went. That was four years ago, and now that niggardly scamp has advertised to find out if any of Charles Melvin's heirs are living. He offers to restore to them their property if they are, and will come forward and claim it. I do hope they are living and will come and claim their rights." Here the conversation was interrupted by summons to supper.

* * * * *

With a wild scream of joy Mabel threw down the paper which she had been reading, and falling on her knees lifted her head in thankful prayer to God:

"I thank thee, my Father, that thou hast heard the prayer of a friendless orphan. I knew, my Heavenly Father, that thou wouldst fulfil thy promise to be a Father to the fatherless."

"Why, May," said an old lady coming into the room, "what is the matter?"

Throwing her arms around the old lady's neck she sobs:

"Oh, Mrs. Manfred, help me to rejoice over my good fortune. God has blessed me more than I deserve. I am going to sell all my property restored to me."—She read the advertisement over and over again. Ah, how her thoughts flew back to other days. Oh, yes, she should see that dear childhood home again—it would be all her own.

She hardly slept any that night—she was too happy to sleep. Her thoughts went back to the city; she thought of Frank; how she longed to see him to have him rejoice with her, for she loved him although she once sent him from her, so scornfully. She was up next morning at early dawn preparing to take the stage to N——. Impatiently she waited for the stage; at last it came. She was all ready and with a joyful heart she stepped in, telling Mrs. Manfred that she would not forget her. They had gone nearly two miles when the horses got frightened and ran away, tearing the stage to pieces and wounding the passengers. Mabel was taken up for dead. Just as they were lifting her in a light wagon which had been sent for, Frank Holton drove up on horseback. He was on his way to N——.

"Stop," said he, dismounting and

approaching the beautiful and lifeless girl. Bending over her and feeling her pulse, he saw her face; he started back with surprise depicted on his manly countenance. Then stooping down and kissing her pale lips, he murmured, while his lips were stained with blood, so intense was his agony:

"Oh, God, have I only found her to lose her again? Spare her, oh, Heavenly Father!" Then putting her gently in the wagon, they returned to the village. Days and weeks passed and still Mabel lay insensible. Frank was ever by her side. At the close of each day they did not expect her to live until the dawn of another. "Ah, what anguish he suffered—all his hopes of happiness were dependent upon the life of the apparently dying girl. At last the crisis came and the old doctor said there would be a change either for better or worse in an hour. Ah, the agony of that hour! Frank placed his hand on his heart, as if to still its beating, for fear of its disturbing her.

"Mrs. Manfred, please give me some water," said Mabel in a faint voice.

Frank sprang to his feet—thrust voice sent a thrill through his heart like magic.

"Thank God, she will live," said the old doctor.

We will not weary our readers by relating all that passed from the time she was pronounced convalescent until she was well. We will only relate a few incidents. One evening after Mabel had sufficiently recovered to sit up, a gentleman drove up to the tavern and entering registered his name as B. Ramon. He looked as if he had traveled far, and his countenance exhibited marks of much trouble; he had nothing to say to any one, and seemed to prefer being alone. After supper he requested to be shown where Mrs. Manfred lived. Mabel was sitting alone in the little parlor when he entered. She immediately arose to meet him, for she instantly recognized him, but he motioned her to keep her seat, and approaching, knelt at her feet.

"Miss Melvin, I am come to ask your pardon for the wrong which I have done you and yours. I have suffered, but God has justly punished me. I have come to restore to you your rights. I know, Miss Melvin, I do not deserve your forgiveness, and if it was a man from whom I asked pardon, I should not expect it, but I know a woman will forgive when a penitent truly entrants."

She kindly took his hand—"Rise, Mr. Ramon, I forgive you, although you have been the cause of my suffering a great deal."

"Thank you, kind lady." He then placed in her hand some papers which put her in possession of all her former wealth, and bidding her good evening left her. Early next morning Mr. Ramon left for home. He had not been so happy for years, though as he meditated upon the past, he fully realized the old proverb that "the way of the transgressor is hard."—God had taken all from him that could make life happy. His dear wife whom he fondly loved, and his children were all gone. Ah, rather would he have parted with all his wealth than with them, but the Allwise Being knows best how to bring sinful man to repentance. He took them and left him wealth, thus afflicting him, for what would riches be to him without those whom he loved to share it with him? He truly repeated and spent the rest of his life in trying, by doing good, to repair the evil he had done.

Mabel slowly recovered, but it was weeks before she was able to undertake travel.

It was a beautiful evening in spring; the sun was just disappearing behind the western hills, and throwing back his bright rays, which seemed to linger awhile and change the fleecy clouds in gold and silver, and then dissolve into the most beautiful colors. Nature was bathed in a quiet calm, disturbed only by the chirping of birds as they flew from tree to tree. Mabel was sitting by the window watching the declining rays of the sun, and thinking of the happy future. Next day she would bid farewell with them, but the Allwise Being knows best how to bring sinful man to repentance. He took them and left him wealth, thus afflicting him, for what would riches be to him without those whom he loved to share it with him? He truly repeated and spent the rest of his life in trying, by doing good, to repair the evil he had done.

Just then they were interrupted by a sudden ring of the door bell. "Why how do you do Louis Heverre and you too Harvey Weldon, I am glad to see you old chums but let me introduce you to Mrs. Holton?"

"Mabel, I offered you my hand and heart once, you coldly turned from me then. I loved you truly and devotedly; time has not erased that love from my heart; no, no! on the contrary it has strengthened. Mabel, I love you fondly, passionately; life to me without you would be dark indeed, but with you all sunshine and joy. Dear lady, when you learn to love me?"

The little hand that rested in his trembled, but it was not withdrawn. With her face half averted to conceal the deep blush that mantled her cheek, she said:

"Frank, I cannot learn to love you."

He dropped the hand he held, while an expression of pain settled on his brow.

"Cannot love me? Ah, Mabel, I had hoped—"

"Stop Frank, I did not say that—I said I cannot learn to love you."

"May I hope that you have already learned it?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, dearest, for that word, which has made me unspeakably happy, but will you make me still more happy by consenting to be mine?"

"Yes Frank, my heart and hand are yours."

"Sweet girl, I would not exchange that gift for all the world."

"Perhaps Frank, you place too high an estimate upon it."

"Oh, no, Mabel, I could not do that, for it contributes more to my happiness than all the pomp and honor of the world could."

The last rays of the sun had disappeared from the horizon, and the moon was shedding her soft silvery light over the earth. We will leave Mabel and Frank, and pass over the lapse of a few months. Kind reader, let me introduce you again into that beautiful house in N——. It is illuminated handsomely. Soft and sweet music floats on the air, which seems loaded with perfume of the sweetest kind. Youth, beauty and old age is assembled in that magnificent parlor. Diamonds flash from armbands and raven hair, and jeweled sparkles on arms and necks of purest white. What a wealth of beauty burst upon our eyes as we enter. All is joy and happiness. An old gray-haired man takes his stand in their midst, and soon a gentleman and lady enter and advance towards him. "How beautiful," we hear from all the bride and groom pause. "Tis our old friends Frank Holton and Mabel Melvin. Mabel is dressed in a simple white dress—no jewels adorn her person, and there is no need of any. Frank looks proudly on the lovely girl by his side. The old minister pronounces the words "what God hath joined together let not man put asunder." He then added his blessing on the happy couple. Friends gather to congratulate them.

Mr. Chalton and his family are there. They too join in congratulating the bride and groom. A few days after as Mr. Chalton and his family were leaving for home Mabel slipped a well filled purse into his hand. What was his delight and surprise when he counted it, to find he had enough to set him up in business again? Mabel did not forget her friend in the City, Miss Hardin. She sent her several handsome presents. Neither did she forget Mrs. Manfred.

One evening about a month after they were married Frank and Mabel were sitting alone in that pleasant parlor, when Frank suddenly looked up from the book which he had been reading aloud, while Mabel was busy with her embroidery.—"Mabel dear, you have never told me how you came to Mrs. Manfred's" said he.

"No Frank, but I will. Well after I left Miss Hardin's that morning, I heard some body say that a large ship was going to leave that evening for some where I did not know nor care. I went down. There were two ladies on board, I asked the Captain to give me a passage, he kindly told me yes. One of the ladies was the Captain's wife and the other his sister. They were very kind to me and promised to assist me when we reached port. After we had been at sea nearly three weeks we had a dreadful gale, the ship was wrecked, all on board perished except myself, the last thing I recollect, I was on a piece of timber floating about.

When I next knew anything I was on a bed at Mrs. Manfred's. She found me on the beach, where the timber I was on had brought me."

"Well May, you had a marvelous escape from death."

"So I did Frank, and I have often thought that nothing but the providence of God could have saved me."

"Yes it was his goodness dear May, and we should ever feel thankful for his loving care, and have you never heard of any of the crew?"

"No I think they were all lost."

Just then they were interrupted by a sudden ring of the door bell. "Why how do you do Louis Heverre and you too Harvey Weldon, I am glad to see you old chums but let me introduce you to Mrs. Holton?"

"We are happy to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Holton," said Harvey and Louis.

"Frank do you remember what you told us some fifteen months ago? I thought you were jesting then, but I don't blame you now. I do envy you the treasure you have got."

We will without comment, draw a curtain over the pleasant scene, and leave them to enjoy the many rich blessings which a loving Father has so bountifully bestowed upon them.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Thirty-four years ago Randal McGavock was Mayor of Nashville, a village containing about four hundred persons, without even a turnpike approaching it. Now his Grand nephew, Randal W. McGavock, is Mayor of Nashville, a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, approached at three points by railroads, and with several others in contemplation.

We know a man so habitually sleepy that his curiosity cannot be awakened.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
Unframed Pictures.

BY WANDERER.

NUMBER I.

A home where husband and wife and children are happy, is made so, by fond affection and Christian fortitude.

I imagine the difference that must exist, between the home circles of Willis and that of Hopkins, from what I observed at our re-union in their counting room, but concluded not to judge which portion of the firm had made a *life mistake*, until I had visited their respective abodes, and from the facts and incidents that should occur, draw a safe conclusion.

Though this and the successive "Pictures" are all *unframed*, they teach a home lesson to the heart, and warn us to guard well, the frail life bark of our mortality as we glide along over the ocean of time.

In "Picture" No. 2, we propose to instance the home of Willis, with all its surroundings, as one of the many, to be found in every nook and corner of our native clime.

Newark, N. J.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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REMOVAL OF OFFICE.—After this issue we shall move our Office into the building formerly occupied as a book store by E. W. Ogburn. Our friends having business with the office will please call at the latter place.

DECEASED.—Hon. Wm. T. Haskell, of Tennessee, distinguished as a brilliant orator and brave officer in the Mexican war, died in the lunatic asylum at Hopkinsville, Ky., on Sunday, the 13th inst. He was formerly a member of Congress, and was attacked with insanity a year or so ago.

U. S. SENATOR ELECTED.—The Legislature of New Jersey on the 17th instant elected John C. Ten Eyck, the American-Republican candidate, U. S. Senator.

This gentleman studied law under the late Hon. Garrett D. Wall, and is about 46 years of age. He was formerly a Henry Clay Whig, but is at present devotedly attached to the Republican party. He is said to be a fine speaker, but very diffident. He was recently tendered but declined a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of New Jersey.

RICH MINES.—During the past week, Prof. Phillips, Geologist from England, examined some of our Guilford mines and reports them very rich, superior, we understand, to the mines of California. We are pleased to learn that Prof. Phillips has decided to remain with us a few days longer, to extend his examinations with some other mines and report to the English capitalists, whose agent he is. He will soon, however, leave for the South, his time being limited in consequence of his leaving for London and Scotland by the first of May next.

The last Legislature of South Carolina passed an act entitled "An act to secure the purity of Elections," by which it is provided that if any person, in any election whatever, shall be convicted of procuring another to vote for or against any particular candidate, by the payment, delivery or promise of money, or other article of value, such person shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and be fined in a sum from one hundred to five thousand dollars, and imprisoned from one to twelve months—graduated for first and second offences. And it further provides that if any person, in any election, shall, in consideration of money or other valuable article either promised or delivered, offer to vote himself or propose to procure another to vote, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and be fined and imprisoned at the discretion of the court.

INTERVIEW OF SMITH O'BRIEN WITH THE PRESIDENT.—Mr. O'Brien, accompanied by the Hon. A. H. Stephens, Messrs. Meagher, John Mitchell, Wm. L. Cole, and others, visited the White House Friday, and was introduced to Mr. Buchanan by Mr. Stephens. The *States* says:

The President expressed himself gratified with the meeting, and congratulated Mr. O'Brien on his arrival in the city. As Mr. Buchanan was minister to England at the time that a voice was sent from this country to intercede for the liberation of the Irish exiles then in Van Dieman's land, Mr. O'Brien took occasion to thank him for the energy he displayed in bringing the matter before the British Parliament. Mr. O'Brien stated that he was about to take a tour through the South, and he intended availing himself of some kind invitations extended to him by gentlemen now in this city to visit their plantations. Mr. Buchanan said he was glad of it. Slavery was altogether a domestic institution, and he believed that there was no peasantry in Europe better clothed or better fed than the slaves at the South. Mr. O'Brien remarked that it would be easy for them to be better clothed and better cared for than some of his own countrymen; for instance, those from Donegal—some of whom were now about being sent to Australia to enable them to live. Mr. Buchanan, during the conversation remarked that he was of Donegal descent. Mr. O'Brien has been a constant visitor to the floors of the Houses of Congress since his arrival, and seems to pay close attention to the proceedings.

THE FIRE COMPANY.—If the Fire Engine is of any use to the town whatever it is for the benefit of those who own houses. And since there is considerable labor and but little profit to members of the company, the membership itself, there is a very good chance for the company to become entirely extinct, unless some of the property holders of the town can condescend from their dignity to the level of "Firemen." At least, it is hardly to be expected that enough men (not holders of property) can be found in the town who will undergo the drudgery merely for the love of it. To have an effective company, requires forty members; at present it would be difficult to find ten. Men having houses subject to the destructive elements, had better consult their interest and call upon the Captain, Jno. Sloan, and register their names upon the roll of the Fire Company.

AWFUL CALAMITY—Four Children Burned to Death.—A correspondent of the Atlanta American writing from Cumming, Forsyth county, Ga., under the date of March 14th, gives the following particulars of distressing casualty which occurred in that county on Friday night last. The correspondent says:

"A gentleman by the name of Ellis Waldup and wife, about 9 o'clock at night, left their four children, two girls and two boys, the eldest twelve years old, and walked to a neighbor's house, a quarter of a mile off, to see a sick person; they left their children all asleep; on returning home, they discovered their house in flames, and were not able to reach the scene of the awful calamity until after the building had fallen in. The children all perished in the flames—the last one they had in the world."

STRAWBERRIES.—Five quarts of Southern strawberries arrived at New York per steamer from Charleston on Tuesday, and were sold at \$4 per quart to two Broadway saloons, on Wednesday last.

The Hon. T. L. Clingman of this State, is about to sail for Europe, where it is stated, he will make a short sojourn.

A PROCLAMATION FROM GEN. TWIGGS.—The San Antonio (Texas) Herald publishes a proclamation from Gen. Twiggs, warning citizens from engaging in a reported lawless expedition to Mexico to capture runaway negroes and then sell them and divide the profits. The Gen. has issued orders to the commanding officers at Forts Duncan and Clark to prevent any such attempt, and to co-operate with the Mexican authorities to that effect.

THE ILL FATED STEAMER NORTH CAROLINA.—The Baltimore Steam Packet Company have made a contract with a firm to raise the ill-fated steamer North Carolina. This firm are making active preparations for the speedy performance of their contract, and will, it is supposed, commence operations sometime the coming week.

MAINE LANSING.—The "Fatal Step" is a most excellent composition—so easy in style, and yet so thrilling! We hope you will write much and cultivate your talents, and the future will open astonishing developments.....

ALPHA.—"Reputation" passes well.....

H. W.—There is much life in your ramble sketch. It is simple in narrative, and all the better for that.

A stiff composition is just about as interesting as stiff "pop-calls" in which the parties are too nice to spoil their faces by a pleasant smile.

Private Corner.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBOROUGH MARKET, Mar. 16.

Reported expressly for the Times
Bacon 12@13; Beef 4@5; Coffee 14@16; Candles, Tallow 20@25; Admantine 24@23; Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@80; Meal 80@80; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 6@8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@5.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5.00@5.00; Hay 50@60; Lord 12@15; Mlasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 80; Peas, yellow 75@90, white 75@100; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 21@21; Hide 8@90; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12; loaf 16@18; clarified 15; Tallow 12@15; Wheat 80@80; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, March 17th.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Howland & Bros. Commission Merchants
Flour, Family \$1.75@ Flaxseed, 1.35
Extra..... 7.00 Beeswax..... 30
Superfine..... 6.25 Dried Apples 10 lb. of
Corn, Mixed W. 83@85 28lb. 1.75@2.00
Yellow..... 8.68 " Peaches 40lb.
Wheat, White 1.50 bu..... 5.00@5.50
Red..... 1.30 Bacon, W. shd. 8@10
Cotton..... 11@12 do. Sides 10@10
Peas, Black Eye 1.30 N. C. & Va. Hog
Red & Black 99 round, 11 12
Lord, N. C. & V. no. 1 12@13 Staves, R. O. hhd. 70
do 2... 13 W. O. pipe. 50
Fish, Mackerel 1.12 do hhd. 40
do No 2. 11.00 do bbl. 28
do 8. 10.00

REMARKS.—FLOUR, receipts have since our last report been good, arriving freely from North Carolina, the demand at this time is small but will soon be better, our quotations are *Cash* sales.

CORN continues to come in, and sales were freely made on arrival, until to-day when there was not quite so much spirit, it's only tempo rary.

COTTON, the stock on market has been reduced, and our quotations are well sustained.

PEAS, Black Eye, sales have been made at quotations.

FLAXSEED and BEESWAX arrive sparingly sales at quotations.

DRIED FRUITS are not so much enquired for.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines (or 100 words) for one week \$1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square, \$ 5.00	\$ 8.00	\$12.00
Two squares, 9.00	15.00	22.00
Three " 12.00	20.00	30.00
Half column 15.00	25.00	36.00
One column 15.00	50.00	60.00
Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum,.....	\$5.00

ORTON & OLDER'S

Great



SOUTHERN CIRCUS

—AND—

Performing Animals,

WITH A FULL AND EFFICIENT CORPS OF RIDERS, GYMNASTS, ACROBATS, AND VAULTERS, Will Exhibit at GREENSBORO, N. C., Tuesday March 29th.

One of the Leading Features of this Model Company is the introduction of the

LION AND LEOPARD, by PROFESSOR TUBES, in the open ring—afeat never performed by any other Company.

Doors open at half past 1, and half past 6 o'clock—to commence at 2 and 7 o'clock.

Admission 50 cents.

At the close of Circus, and under the same Pavilion, LEWIS & CO'S

SABLE BARNUMS

Will give one of their pleasing ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENTS. Admission 25 cents. The Company will perform at HIGH POINT, Monday, March 28th.

L. C. BLAKE, Agent.

March, 22nd.—14.

A CASE OF CONSUMPTION AND ONE OF WHOOPING COUGH CURED.

The following from a highly respectable gentleman speaks for itself:

Keyport, N. J., May 20, 1858.

S. W. Fowle & Co.—Gentlemen—This certifies that I was for many years afflicted with a disease of the lungs until I became so weak that it was difficult for me to walk. My cough during this time was very severe, causing me frequently to raise great quantities of blood, attended with profuse night sweats.

I was advised to use various remedies to no purpose. I then tried *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*. I did so, and before using the first bottle I was entirely restored to perfect health and strength.

I would also mention that this Balsam cured a little girl of mine of a severe attack of Whooping Cough, when her life was given over by the physician, and all other remedies had failed. (Signed.) JOSIAH HOOF.

None genuine unless signed "I. BUTTS" on the outer wrapper.

All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.

All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.

August 1st, 1858.

134—tf.

For particulars address,

Dr. W. S. MILLER, Supt.,

Forestville, Wake county, N. C.

March, 1859.

12:30p.m.

J. W. EVANS'

NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street, Richmond, Va.

Subscriptions received for the Times.

MARBLE WORKS

By GEORGE HEINRICH, Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C.

Orders from a distance promptly filled.

February, 1858.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C.

39—tf.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered at **at Cost!** Merchants, and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**

All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle.

JAMES W. DOAK,

Surviving Partner.

March 22, 1858.

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Foreign News.

The steamer City of Washington has arrived from Liverpool, with dates to the 2d instant.

There was less confidence in the preservation of peace than when the Arabia sailed.

WAR SPIRIT.—Warlike preparations continued to progress actively in France; and the funds, which were so buoyant on the departure of the Arabia, had become depressed.

The war fever was running high also in Germany.

The Sardinian loan of £2,000,000 had not been negotiated by M. Fould, at Paris as was at one time supposed. This is looked upon as an unfavorable symptom, since M. Fould, as a Minister of State, must have opportunities of foreseeing if events are at hand which might render the speculation hazardous.

The London Daily News, of the 2d instant, says: The gloom once more overshadows the stock exchange. The most reassuring portions of the statements made by the Ministers on Friday have been officially explained away. On the Paris Bourse yesterday the rents fell half per cent. Money continues in fair demand at 2@2½ per cent. Exchange on Austria has further advanced."

INDIA AND CHINA.—India advises confirm the complete subjugation of Oude. The China Mail reports that Lord Elgin's expedition up the Yang-tse-kiang extended as far as Hong-Kow, and is reported to have been successful. The steamer Powhatan was at Hong-Kong, and the Mississippi was in Canton river.

PARLIAMENT.—D'Israeli's reform bill had been introduced in Parliament. It is moderate in character, and partially extends the elective franchise, conferring it upon all members of the learned professions and parties having small investments in the funds and saving's banks. The bill was strongly attacked by the reformers but a large meeting of the conservatives, two hundred strong, held at Lord Derby's, had pledged a unanimous support of the measure.

Lords Walpole, the Home Secretary, and Henley, the President of the Board of Trade, have retired from the Cabinet on account of differences of opinion on the reform bill. Mr. Southeron Estcourt succeeds the former, and Lord Dounoughmore the latter. Lord March replaces Estcourt as President of the Poor Law Board.

Rumors were current of further secessions from the Cabinet, including the Earl of Salisbury and Mr. Adderley.

DELEGATION OF INDIANS.—Col. Cullen, Northwestern Superintendent, and Major Mix, (son of the acting Commissioner,) Agent for the Winnebago Indians of Minnesota, arrived in the city on Saturday, with a delegation of twelve from the above tribe. These eight chiefs and four braves have come for the purpose of negotiating a treaty by which their lands may be divided individually among the tribe.—Washington States.

W. Smith O'Brien arrived in this city on Tuesday, 15th inst., by the evening train on the Northeastern Rail Road, and has taken lodgings in the Charleston Hotel.

This distinguished gentleman and patriot will be received and entertained with all proper consideration and respect, and yet without offensive and obtrusive displays, which would be as repugnant to his own taste as unworthy of others.

He has accepted an invitation for the anniversary festival of the Hibernian Society on St. Patrick's Day, and we trust will devote some days afterwards to our city and its vicinity.—Charleston Courier.

THE LATE REPORTED ROW AT CENTENARY COLLEGE.—Some time ago the True Delta noticed a row at Centenary College, Jackson, Louisiana, growing out of the charivari of one of the Professors who had got spiced to a widow lady. We received yesterday the following letter, dated Jackson, La., March 7, contradicting the report, and we give it without comment, further than remarking that the contradiction, it seems to us, comes tolerably late in the day. The writer, after referring to the notice in the True Delta, says:

"No row has occurred at Centenary College. I loaded no firearms with any kind of shot. I never shot at a boy in my life. At the time the charivari occurred I was at my house asleep and did not hear of it until the next day. Only two students have left, and twenty-one have entered since that time.

Yours respectfully,
T. S. JONES,
Prof. Nat. Sci., Centenary College, Jackson, La."—[N. O. True Delta.]

EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.—The Union states that the President will avoid, if possible, an extra session of Congress, and that he will only determine upon such a measure under the compulsion of absolute necessity.

Gallows Literature Illustrated.

The Semi-Weekly Transcript, published at Danville in this State, recently put forth an excellent editorial entitled "Gallows Literature," in which the "Illustrated" newspapers are handled with just severity for ministering to the prurient curiosity of the million in their engravings of "Horrible Tragedies" and memorable murders. We are glad to see the country press of the South speaking out on this subject, and we seize the opportunity of endorsing all that the Transcript has said. There is Harper's Weekly, for example, styling itself a family journal of civilization, which undertakes to illustrate the Sickles Tragedy at Washington by wood cuts representing the spot where it occurred, the likenesses of the parties, &c., and adds to the criminality of this dealing in murder, the hypocrisy of claiming such illustrations as potent agencies of virtue. Out upon such miserable nonsense! If the publishing houses, yielding an immense capital, choose to employ it in pandering to the vicious tastes of the community because they are certain of large returns, why let them do so, but in the name of decency, let them forbear to challenge our praise for aiding in the cause of moral improvement. The question is not one for argument, it is a matter of feeling. The instincts of every right minded man and woman revolt at the introduction of these pictures of basement and blood into the family circle as an instrumentality of amusement; we want no one to prove to us that the apotheosis of crime is hurtful to the moral sense. What has been the experience of the civilized world in respect of familiarity with all that is impure and depraved! Has it not ever been to bring the possibility of individual guilt nearer home to the mind of the young and innocent, so that, as the poet has said in lines that every school boy learns by heart, we first endure the frightful monster, then pity and at last embrace her?

But how much more dangerous to public morals is the practice of these pictorial "Newgate Calendars" of making heroes of the eminently vicious, and virtually holding them up as examples for imitation! It may be urged, we know, that no such effort is made by the editors, but that on the contrary they accompany their engravings with eloquent sermonizing on the horrible event thus iconographically described; yet the edifying romance of Jack Sheppard, which, twenty years ago, bore its legitimate fruit of doubling the cases of burglary in London, did not directly exalt the calling of the cracksmen—it did exactly what our Illustrated Newspapers are now doing by their pictures of the horrible; it familiarized the public with crime, and made heroes of criminals. We are greatly mistaken if in this way Harper's Weekly and Frank Leslie are not sowing a pernicious crop broadcast through the land.—Pet. Express.

MURDER.—A man named B. S. Matlock, who resided some nine miles north of Franklin, Macon county, was murdered on the night of the 24th ult., while on his way home from Franklin. After leaving Franklin he called at a neighbor's house to get some money changed, and it is probable he was murdered for his money.

For Every Body! The Largest, the Cheapest, THE BEST! The Times; AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER; Commenced its Fourth Volume 1st January, 1859. Enlarged to eight pages, beautifully ILLUSTRATED and printed on the finest article of white paper, with a new Press and new Copper-faced Type—thus making it the largest and neatest paper published in the South; and equal in every respect to any similar paper published in Philadelphia or New York.

TERMS in advance: 1 copy \$2; 6 copies \$10; 10 copies \$15; 50 copies \$50. One copy to the Gutter up of a Club. Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.

Editors will confer a favor by inserting or noticing.

COMMON SCHOOLS.—THE BOARD OF SUPERINTENDENTS of Common Schools for Guilford, are requested to meet in Greensboro' on the third Monday in April. As this is the Annual Meeting, it is very desirable that each member of the Board be present. NATHAN HIATT, Chairman, March 12th, 1859. (11—4w.)

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (near North Carolina Railroad,) Greensboro, N. C.

All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Collars, &c.—kept constantly on hand or made to order.

Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.

Work delivered on board the Cars free of charge.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL, High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough. Rev. N. MCRAE, Principal; with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank; A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board and furnished rooms with fire places, fuel, &c., \$6 per month. English Branches \$6 to \$15 per session. Languages and ornaments low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietors, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.

30 Young Ladies will be received and educated for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations guaranteed to such.

For full information, address, REV. WM. I. LANGDON, Proprietor. Jan. 20, '59. High Point, N. C.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA. FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M. Professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Fricke, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones.

Miss Bettie Carter.

Miss E. M. Morphis.

Miss A. M. Hagen.

Miss L. C. Van Vleck.

Miss M. A. Howlett.

Miss Pattie Cole.

Rev. J. Bethel.

Mrs. J. Bethel.

Miss M. Jeffreys.

S. Lander, Treasurer of the College.

TERMS per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c. (lights extra) \$50; Tuition, \$20; Incidental Tax, \$1; French, \$10; Latin or Greek, \$5; Oil Painting, \$20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21; Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees to be paid on half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the third Thursday in May.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and dress bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jacquard. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

Patrons arriving in Greensboro' would do well to come immediately from the depot to the College.

For further information apply to the President. (11—ly)

ATLANTA MEDICAL COLLEGE Announcement of Lectures.

The fifth Course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on the first Monday in May next, and continue four Months—

Faculty.

Alexander Meaus, M. D., Prof. of Chemistry and Pharmacy.

H. W. Brown, M. D., Prof. of Anatomy.

John W. Jones, M. D., Prof. of Practice of Medicine and General Pathology.

W. F. Westmoreland, M. D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Surgery.

T. S. Powell, M. D., Prof. of Obstetrics.

T. J. Logan, M. D., Prof. of Physiology and Diseases of Women and Children.

J. G. Westmoreland, M. D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence.

Practical Anatomy under the immediate direction of the Professor of Anatomy.

The Dissecting Room, supplied with good material will be open by the 15th of April.

FEEs.

For the Course of Lectures \$105.

Matriculation (only once) 5.

Dissecting ticket (required only once) 10.

Graduation 25.

Good board can be had at \$3. to \$1. per week.

For further information address

J. G. WESTMORELAND, Dean.

Atlanta Ga. March 10, 1859 (11—2m:pd)

PROSPECTUS OF THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control.

Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teachers and other friends of education—

TERMS (Invariably in Advance)

FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum.

Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy, \$2.00

All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.

Journal and Times, \$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year: The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

All communications should be addressed to J. D. CAMPBELL Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.

50.00 SEWING MACHINES.

THE QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market.

Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for all points on this Road.

The facilities possessed by this Company for the prompt forwarding and quick delivery of matter entrusted to them, to all receivable points in the United States, and the early delivery of freights by Steamer Express from New York, semi-weekly and daily inland Express from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Norfolk and Petersburg, offer great inducements to merchants to obtain their shipping stocks quickly.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. J. R. & J. S. SLOAN, who have been appointed Agents at Greensboro', N. C.

W. H. TREGO, Superintendent.

mar 5—4t

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Presentations, speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Aerostats, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy guaranteed. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON, 1077 F. Baltimore, Md.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

127:ly

COLE & AMIS.

Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd, 1859.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD

Most respectfully call the attention of the public to their large and attractive supply of

FALL and WINTER GOODS,

consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-Made Clothing &c.

Their stock was selected with great care, and

not having very expensive families to support, they offer themselves that they can sell at such prices as will insure satisfaction to those who may extend to them their patronage.

October 20, '58. COLE & AMIS.

Greensboro, N. C.

10:00a.m.

Greensboro, N. C.

127:ly

COLE &

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

"YOU ARE LUCKY."

My Little Friends.—While I was at a Hotel in the State of Delaware last summer, a gentleman found lying on the floor of one of the public rooms, a roll of Bank Bills. On enquiring of those present if they had lost any money, they all said they had not. One man asked, "why—have you found some?" The gentleman replied that he had. "Well," said the man, "You're lucky!"

Now I would not dare to say that the man who uttered the words "you're lucky," would steal, but I will say I would not like to trust him with my purse unless it was empty. Judging from his remarks, and the manner in which he made it, I fear he would consider it "lucky" to find it and right to keep it as his own.

As I fear some of my little readers when they find things belonging to others, may feel that they are lucky, and be tempted to keep what does not belong to them, I want them to remember the Eighth Command, which says, "Thou shalt not steal." "O, but finding things is not stealing," perhaps some of you will say. No, I did not say it was, but then it may lead to stealing, for a person may be guilty of theft without breaking bars, bolts or locks, as you may see by reading the following story, which I found in the Sunday School Advocate, about

THE LOST WALLET.

"As a poor boy was crossing a barn-yard one winter's morning, a well-filled wallet met his eye. It was laying on the ground in one corner of the yard. He knew that some one must have recently dropped it. After looking cautiously round the yard, he picked it up, slipped it into his pocket and walked off.

Having secreted himself in a corner of the barn, he took out the wallet to see what was in it. He found it to contain quite a large sum of money. A feeling of joy swelled his breast, and he said to himself:

"Well, this is a prize! What a lucky fellow I am. But I wonder who lost all this money?"

He then looked more closely at the wallet and found the name of a man, whom he knew, written upon it. Then his conscience spoke to him in words something like these:

"You ought not to keep that wallet. It belongs to the man who dropped it, and not to you."

"Well, I suppose it does," he replied "but then I want the money, and I guess I'll keep it."

With this bad purpose strong in his heart, the boy put the wallet back into his pocket and walked off. But he could find no rest. Had the wallet been a piece of red-hot iron, it could hardly have given him more pain than he now felt in his conscience. "You are as bad as a thief!" You are as bad as a thief! whispered his conscience, and he certainly sneaked about like a thief, staring at every step, and turning pale every time a question was asked him.

This torture of mind continued until he was so completely wretched, he could not endure himself. At last he said in his heart, "I can't stand this!" and seeking out the owner, gave up the wallet. How much better it would have been if he had done this at first. Then he would have respected himself, escaped the lashings of his conscience, pleased God, received the praise of the owner, and won the confidence of good men.

Children almost always feel glad if they happen to find anything valuable. Now I think they feel thus because they are selfish. Is it not so? If they were not selfish would they not feel sorry to think that some one had lost the object which they had found? I think so. And then you know, honesty requires that the finder of a lost object should spare no reasonable pains to discover its loser. In no case should the finder of a lost object claim property in it so long as there remains any possibility of finding the loser."

No doubt that little boy thought he was lucky, and I think you will all agree he came very near being a thief; and if you want to know how wretched a person feels who has been guilty of

stealing just read what a "grown up" man says about it, in a New York paper, in speaking about

THE STOLEN KNIFE.

"Many years ago, when a boy of seven or eight years, there was one thing which I longed for more than anything else, and which I imagined would make me supremely happy. It was a jack knife. Then I would not be obliged to borrow father's every time I wished to cut a string or a stick, but could whittle whenever I chose, and as much as I pleased. Dreams of kites, bows and arrows, boats, etc., all manufactured with the aid of that shining blade, haunted me by day and by night.

It was a beautiful morning in June, that my father called me, and gave me leave, if I wished, to go with him to the store. I was delighted, and taking his hand, we started. The birds sang sweetly on every bush, and every thing looked so gay and beautiful, that my heart fairly leaped for joy. After our arrival at the village, and while my father was occupied in purchasing some articles in a remote part of the store, my attention was drawn to a man who was asking the price of various jack-knives which lay on the counter. As this was a very interesting subject to me, I approached, intending only to look at them. I picked up one opened it, examined it, tried the springs, felt the edge of the blades with my thumb and thought I could never cease admiring their polished surface. O, if it were only mine, thought I, how happy I should be! Just at this moment, happening to look up, I saw that the merchant had gone to change a bill for his customer, and no one was observing me. For fear that I might be tempted to do wrong, I started to replace the knife on the counter, but an evil spirit whispered, "Put it in your pocket; quick!" Without stopping to think of the crime or its consequences, I hurriedly slipped it in my pocket, and as I did so, felt a blush of shame burning on my cheek but the store was rather dark, and no one noticed it, nor did the merchant miss the knife.

We soon started for home, my father giving me a parcel to carry. As we walked along, my thoughts continually rested on the knife, and I kept my hand in my pocket all the time, from a sort of guilty fear, that it would be seen. This, together with carrying the bundle in my other hand, made it difficult for me to keep pace with my father. He noticed it, and gave me a lecture about walking with my hands in my pockets.

Ab! how different were my thoughts then, from what they were when passing the same scenes a few hours before! The song of the birds seemed joyous no longer but sad and sorrowful, as if chiding me for my wicked act. I could not look my father in the face, for I had been heedless of his precepts, broken one of God's commandments, and become a thief. As these thoughts passed through my mind, I could hardly help crying, but concealed my feelings, and tried to think of the good times I would have with my knife. I could hardly say anything on my way home, and my father thinking I was either tired or sick, kindly took my burden, and spoke soothingly to me, his guilty son. No sooner did we reach home, than I retreated to a safe place, behind the house to try the stolen knife. I had picked up a stick, and was whittling it, perfectly delighted with the sharp blade, which glided through the wood almost of itself when suddenly I heard the deep subdued voice of my father, calling me by name, and on looking up, saw him at the window directly over my head, gazing down very sorrowfully at me. The stick dropped from my hand, and with the knife clasped in the other, I proceeded into the house. I saw, by his looks, that my father had divined all. I found him sitting in his arm-chair, looking very pale. I walked directly to his side, and in a low, calm voice, he asked me where I got the knife. His gentle manner and kind tone went to my heart, and I burst into tears. As soon as my voice would allow me, I made a full confession. He did not flog me, as some fathers would have done, but reprimanded me in such a manner, that, while I felt truly penitent for the deed, I loved him more than ever, and promised never to do like again. In my father's company, I then returned to the store, and on my knees, begged the merchant's pardon, and promised never again to take what was not my own.

My father is long since dead; and never do I think of my first theft, without blessing the memory of him whose teachings and gentle correction have made it, thus far in my life, and forever my last."

A GOOD NAME IS A JEWEL.

On the goods that are not thine,
Do not dare to lay a finger;
On thy neighbours' better things
Let no wistful glances linger.

Filter not the smallest thing,
Touch it not, how'er thou need it;
Though the owner have enough,
Though he know it not, nor heed it.

Taste not the forbidden fruit
Though resistance be a trial;
Grasping hand and roving eye,
Early teach them self-denial.

Upright heart and honest name
To the poorest are a treasure,
Better than ill-gotten wealth,
Better far than pomp and pleasure.

Poor and needy though thou art,
Gladly take what God has given,
With clean hand and humble heart
Passing through the world to heaven.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Plane, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire.

—THOMAS OTWAY.

Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

Make truth credible, and children will believe it; make goodness lovely, and they will love it.

An English writer speaks of the ladies wearing their bonnets "on the three back hairs."

Withold not thy money where there is need, and waste it not where there is none.

Mrs. Partington has bought a horse that is "so spiritous" that he always goes off in a decanter."

Juries, like guns, are often "charged," and sometimes with very bad ammunition.

Arguments are the salt of life; but as salt is good at a pinch, and not in buckets full, you should not argue over much.

A writer says "it is not drinking, but getting sober, that is so terrible in a drunkard's life."

It's a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweetheart with you.

A chimney-sweep, at Buffalo, advertises that he takes sweeping by the job, and agrees to *soot* his employer.

The dentists of Indiana are about to form a State association. Their seal will be a molar, with the motto: "We pull together."

Those men talk most who are in the greatest mental darkness. Frogs cease their croaking when light is brought to the water side.

Every man must, in a measure, be alone in the world. No heart was ever cast in the same mould as that which we bear with in us.

"Are you near-sighted, Miss?" asked an impudent fellow of a young lady that did not choose to recognize him. "Yes, at this distance, I can hardly tell whether you are a pig or a puppy."

A man says, the first thing that turned his attention to matrimony was the neat and skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. He may see the time when the manner in which the broom is handled will not afford him so much satisfaction.

A young exquisite was lately listening to a lady friend singing a song, in which the following lines occur:

"By that fair brow where innocence reposes,
Like moonlight resting upon the spotless snow."

Looking at him intently, she divided the words in the first line in a manner, not particularly complimentary, thus:

"By that fair brow wherein no sense reposes,
Like moonlight resting upon the spotless snow."

As one of the clergy was this morning walking along Bleeker street with a friend, he slipped and measured his length on the sidewalk. As his companion extended a helping hand, he could not forbear accompanying it with the remark: "I have hitherto supposed you were a member of the clerical fraternity, but now I see you are only a lay brother!"—Boston Transcript.

Russell, the singer, was once singing in a provincial town "The Gambler's Wife," and having uttered the words:

"Hush he comes not yet!

The clock strikes one."

he struck the key to imitate the sudden knell of the departed hour when a respectably dressed woman ejaculated to the amazement of the crowd, "Wouldn't I have fetched him home!"

A LEGAL ANECDOTE.—"There is a well-known custom prevailing in our criminal courts, assigning counsel to such prisoners as have no one to defend them. On one occasion, the court finding a man accused of theft, and without counsel, said to a wag of a lawyer who was present, 'Mr. ——, please withdraw with the prisoner, confer with him and give him such counsel as may be best for his interest.' The lawyer and client withdrew, and in fifteen minutes the lawyer returned into court alone. 'Where is the prisoner?' asked the court. 'He is gone; your honor told me to give him the best advice I could for his interest; and as he said he was guilty, I thought the best counsel I could offer him was to 'cut and run,' which he took at once.'

TEETHING.—When the bowels are affected from teething, a lump of common chalk the size of a pea, or larger, dissolved in boiled milk, will often answer. It may be given every day, if necessary. If this fail, paregoric and castor oil, mixed in equal proportions, and given in small doses, acts like a charm.

SWEET POTATOES.—This is a very valuable root crop, which is entirely too much neglected. Provide yourself, as soon as you can, with roots for planting. Four to six bushels are required to make plantings for an acre.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is astir in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, edited and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanician, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Farm Work.

PLoughing.—The foundation of the year's work for every cultivated crop is a complete and thorough breaking and turning of the ground. One good ploughing will put the ground in better condition for cropping than three imperfectly done. Indeed no after pains can remedy the deficiency. It is of the utmost importance, then, to be prepared in every point for the proper execution of so heavy a part of the farm labour.

Turn a furrow of seven inches depth at the least, and the nearer it approaches to twelve inches, the better. There may be soils that form exceptions to the rule of deep-ploughing; and which require from some peculiarity in the sub-soil, a gradual deepening. In our own experience, we have met with none such. We have, without fear, thrown up four inches of the clay sub-soil, which had never seen the light before, on the surface of a bed of ten inches, and, with moderate manuring, made the best crop of corn the land had produced within the memory of living men. We look upon a deep soil as the very first requisite of the successful cultivation of almost every crop. Summer crops, so very uncertain on a shallow-soil, are almost insured against the vicissitudes of the season in a deep one. We do not think the all important corn-crop would fail of a good yield one year in twenty, planted in a bed of twelve inches in depth.

Inconsiderate ploughmen, by laying off their work in short lands, consume a very large proportion of time at the turnings. There is a strong predilection on the part of negro ploughmen to work the short way of a piece of ground, when they have their choice. A little observation and calculation will show the great advantage of ploughing, in long lands.

On the tobacco plantation, the tobacco ground, if in soil, should be ploughed first; it is bad practice to leave this work till after corn-planting to save the labour of a second ploughing. This crop is of

too much value to allow any risk of imperfect preparation. An early growth of plants may oblige you to hurry unduly; or a dry season may make it very difficult to get the ground properly prepared at so late a period. If all be thoroughly broken, now, there will be no difficulty, after corn-planting, in putting it in the best order as fast as the plants are ready for setting out.

FRUIT.—THE ORCHARD AND FRUIT GARDEN.—If you have not finished pruning your garden, do it at once, omitting only such trees as are growing too luxuriantly to bear. Such ought not to be pruned until the leaves are pretty well sprouted. By this method, such trees will get checked, and go to bearing. Should, however, this late pruning not be sufficient, give them another severe pruning in July: that will prove satisfactory.

As soon as the trees are beginning to bloom, hang up a number of wide-mouthed bottles, half filled with molasses-water, in your trees. You will catch a great number of insects, and thus prevent them from doing injury to your fruit.

FLOWERS.—THE FLOWER GARDEN.—Propagate dahlias as soon as you can see the sprouts or buds. With a sharp knife split the stem right through, leaving a piece of the stem and one or two buds to each piece. Plant them so deep as to be covered with at least four inches of soil. Tie up all your flowering plants to stakes. The wood of the China tree, when splintered out, furnishes the best and most durable stakes, where cypress cannot be had. If annual flower seed has not been sown yet, it should be done at once. Recollect that fine seeds will only need to be covered slightly. If they be covered too deeply, you will find that it is utterly impossible for the delicate seeds to sprout.

DISORDERED BOWELS.—For a young child, give tea of hollyhock flowers, either fresh or dried; sweeten with loaf sugar, and repeat as often as necessary.

This will not only check the bowels, but drive out any rash or pimples upon the skin.

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Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of DRY GOODS, 16 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street, New York, N. Y. Nov. 1858.

H. FRANCIS, of No. 241 Market St., Philadelphia. Keeps the largest and best assortments of long and short reel carpet, chain and cotton yarns, batting, wadding, twines, covered yarn, bed cords, wash lines, rope in coils, twine, lamp, candle, camphine, lard and fluid wicks in the city. Also a great variety of fly nets which he offers at Manufacturers' lowest cash prices. N. B. Consignments of Cotton Yarns from 12 to 12s solicited. (1:3m)

B. BAILEY & CO.
(Formerly Bailey & Kitchen.)

JEWELERS, of Philadelphia. Having changed their place of business from No. 136 to 819 Chestnut Street, desire to inform the citizens of Greensboro, and the public, that they are now located three doors below the GRAND HOUSE, on the North Side of Chestnut street; having erected a fire-proof store, to which is attached their manufactory of Sterling Silverware.

BAILEY & CO. are now prepared to receive orders for any goods in their line, which is comprised of Watches of all the best makers, Diamond Bracelets, Ear Rings, Brooches, and Necklaces, as well as all other kinds of Gold Jewelry, Silver Tea Sets, or portions of sets, Pitchers, Spoons, Forks, &c., Plated Wares, Clocks, and a general assortment of Fancy Goods.

Orders for goods will receive prompt attention and a prompt reply. Goods forwarded to any part of the Union.

Address. BAILEY & CO.
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,
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AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES supplied with Silver Plate and Medals to any extent. (1:4m)

BOOK-BINDER,
At the old STAR OFFICE, (opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.)

RALEIGH, N. C.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding